

SEPTEMBER.

NUMBERS 124 TO ~~127~~ 126

1861.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

PART 29.

LONDON: 26, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.;

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY, W

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN.

Price Ninepence.

CONTENTS OF PART XXIX.

No. CXXIV.		PAGE
A Strange Story.		
Chapter XIII.....	553	
Chapter XIV.....	555	
Chapter XV.....	558	
Russian Travel:		
Famishing Wolves	558	
In a Russian Police-Office.....	559	
Through Snow, by Diligence, to Moscow	561	
Salmon Breeding.....	562	
American Sportsmen	564	
Story of the Incumbered Estates Court. In Two		
Chapters. I. The Disease.....	569	
Laborious Trifling.....	572	
On the Grand Jury.....	574	

No. CXXV.		PAGE
A Strange Story.		
Chapter XVI.....	577	
Chapter XVII	581	
Dr. Wilkins's Prophetic Dreams	582	
Sands of Life	585	
Parting Day	589	
Four Stories	589	
Story of the Incumbered Estates Court. In Two		
Chapters. II. The Operation.....	593	
Curious Discovery in Whitechapel	599	

No. CXXVI.		PAGE
A Strange Story.		
Chapter XVIII.....	601	
Chapter XIX.....	601	
Chapter XX.....	602	
Chapter XXI.....	603	
The Boundless Bed-Chamber	604	
Perfumes.....	607	
The Mountgarret Romance.....	608	
Farmer Pincher's Rats	611	
Love in Kentucky	614	

TITLE AND CONTENTS TO VOLUME V.

No. CXXVII.		PAGE
A Strange Story.		
Chapter XXII.....	1	
Chapter XXIII.....	4	
Suttee in China.....	5	
This Sheet of Paper	7	
Unrest	13	
Footprints Here and There:		
Australian Milk, and Water	13	
A Sight of Aborigines	14	
A Journey to Singleton	15	
Rather Interested in Railways	17	
Striking Likenesses.....	19	

BENSON'S WATCHES & CLOCKS.

**Manufactories: 33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL,
and 46 & 47, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1749.



J. W. BENSON, as an eminent and old-established London Watch and Clock Manufacturer, has, for the guidance of intending purchasers, published a new Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches and Clocks (free for 2 stamps), which should be carefully read by all before buying. It contains a full description of every construction of Watch now made, with their prices, including Chronometer, Duplex, Lever, Horizontal, and Vertical escapements. It contains also numerous designs for the decoration of Watches, by eminent London Artists, made expressly for this manufactory, and sketches and prices of various kinds of Clocks and Timepieces. This work is so arranged that persons living in any part of the world can select the Watch best adapted for their use, and have it forwarded free and safe by post, direct from the manufactory, on receipt of a remittance. It also contains plain and practical directions as to the Watch to buy, and how to use it. Every Watch warranted for two years.

Benson's Lady's Watch.—"Exquisite artistic feeling in ornamentation and perfection of mechanism."—*Morning Post.*

Silver 3 to 18 guineas.

Gold 5 to 50 guineas.

Benson's Gentleman's Watch.—"All that can be desired in finish, taste, and design."—*Globe.*

Silver 2 to 50 guineas.

Gold 6 to 100 guineas.

Benson's Lever Watches.—"Leave nothing to be desired but the money to buy them with."—*Standard.*

Silver 4 to 30 guineas.

Gold 7 to 50 guineas.

Benson's Horizontal Watch.—"A good watch without paying an exorbitant price."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Silver 2 to 8 guineas.

Gold 5 to 20 guineas.

Benson's Clocks......1 to 50 guineas.

Liberal terms to captains, merchants, shippers, and watch clubs. Old watches taken in exchange, or repaired.

All communications to be addressed to the Manufactories,

33 and 34, Ludgate Hill, or 46 and 47, Cornhill, London.

E
01
01
2
3
4
7
8
1
4

A
4
6
7

—

A
—
9
t
A
—
e
—

1

1

1

1

1

Al
th

1

MA
th
P
o

Tak
De
Des
De
Tea

ES

ALL THE YEAR ROUND ADVERTISER.

NEW EDITION
JUST
PUBLISHED.POST FREE
THREE
STAMPS.

A TREATISE explanatory of GABRIEL'S System of supplying ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—
Effectual for Mastication and Articulation (even when all others fail) without Springs, Wires, or any metal,
and without Extracting Teeth or Stumps. None but first-class materials and workmanship employed, and are
supplied at less than *half the ordinary cost*. Only by Messrs. GABRIEL, Dentists to the Prince d'Ottajana.
Established 1815. See Diploma.

27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;

33 and 34, LUDGATE HILL, CITY.

134, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL; and 65, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

American Mineral Teeth best in Europe, from Four to Seven and Ten Guineas a Set.

"Gabriel's System is a great improvement upon the old method, their Treatise should be read by all who value
health."—*Morning Herald*.

CASH'S

COVENTRY CAMBRIC FRILLING,

USED FOR

TRIMMING ALL KINDS OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
WASHING APPAREL.

SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL DRAPERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MAPPINS' CUTLERY & ELECTRO SILVER PLATE.

MAPPIN BROTHERS'

LONDON ESTABLISHMENT IS AT LONDON BRIDGE,
ESTABLISHED IN SHEFFIELD, A.D. 1810.

All their manufactures are stamped with their corporate mark, "The Sun," granted to their father by
the Cutler's Company of Sheffield, June 26, 1835. MAPPIN BROTHERS are Cutlers by Special Appoint-
ment to the Emperor Napoleon III.



MAPPINS' TABLE CUTLERY.



	Ordinary Quality.			Medium Quality.			Best Quality.				
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
Two Dozen Full-size Table Knives, with Ivory Handles	2	4	0	...	3	4	0	...	4	12	0
One-and-a-half Dozen Full-size Cheese ditto.....	1	4	0	...	1	14	6	...	2	11	0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers	0	7	6	...	0	11	0	...	0	15	6
One Pair Extra Size ditto	0	8	6	...	0	12	0	...	0	16	6
One Pair Poultry Carvers	0	7	6	...	0	11	0	...	0	15	6
One Steel for Sharpening	0	3	0	...	0	4	0	...	6	0	

Complete Service£4 14 6 £6 18 6 £9 16 6

ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS.

MAPPIN BROTHERS guarantee on all
their manufactures in Electro-Silver
Plate a strong deposit of real Silver, ac-
cording to the price charged.

	"Fiddle."		"Threaded."		"Kings."		"Lily."	
	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Table Spoons, full size, per doz.	36	0	48	0	54	0	60	0
Do. Forks	36	0	48	0	54	0	60	0
Dessert Spoons	27	0	38	0	40	0	44	0
Do. Forks	27	0	38	0	40	0	44	0
Tea Spoons	16	0	20	0	24	0	27	0

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FOR SERVICES OF PLATE FOR HOTELS, STEAM-SHIPS & REGIMENTAL MESSES.
A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, free by Post.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

67 AND 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.
MANUFACTORY, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

All Orders from Abroad must be accompanied by a Banker's Draft, or an Order for payment in England.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.



METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN

BY ROYAL COMMAND

JOSEPH GILLOTT

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens—Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street, 96, New Street, Birmingham.

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACE-CHURCH STREET, LONDON.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY,

THE LADIES are respectfully informed that this STARCH is EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that although she has tried Wheaten, Rice, and other Powder Starches, she has found none of them equal to the GLENFIELD, which is

THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted.

WOTHERSPOON & Co., Glasgow and London.

**FURNITURE
CARRIAGE FREE
TO ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM
P. & S. BEYFUS
91 TO 95 CITY ROAD.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES GRATIS
AND POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.**

GLASS SHADES

(For the Protection of Articles injured by exposure,

FERN CASES AND AQUARIUMS,

GLASS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PURPOSES,

AND EVERY KIND OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

WINDOW-GLASS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

CLAUDET & HOUGHTONS,

89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Lists of Prices sent Free on Application.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH

Are indispensable to personal attraction and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.



This Powder is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the teeth, strengthening the gums, and in rendering the breath sweet and pure. It eradicates tartar from the teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a pearl-like whiteness. As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic purifier of the breath, teeth, and gums, ever known, it has obtained the patronage of the sovereigns and the nobility throughout Europe; while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.

Sold by the Proprietors and by Chemists and Perfumers.

On the First of October, richly printed in gold and colours,

No. 1 of

THE AMATEUR ILLUMINATOR'S MAGAZINE, AND JOURNAL OF MINIATURE PAINTING.

To be continued Monthly. Price 2s. 6d. Published by Messrs. DAY & SON, Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

LADIES SHOULD SEE

THOMSON'S "BELLE OF THE COURT," IN SILK,

BEFORE PURCHASING THEIR CRINOLINES.

THE BEST EVER MANUFACTURED.

WHITE & SOUND TEETH.—JEWSBURY and BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE, established by 40 years' experience, as the best preparation extant for cleaning, beautifying, and preserving the teeth and gums. Prepared solely by Jewsbury and Brown, Chemists, Market Street, Manchester. Sold in pots at 1s. 6d., or double size, 2s. 6d. each, by the Proprietors, and by various Agents throughout the United Kingdom, America, and the Colonies.

HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.

NOTICE of Injunction.—The admirers of this celebrated Fish Sauce are particularly requested to observe that none is genuine but that which bears the back label with the name of WILLIAM LAZENBY, as well as the front label signed Elizabeth Lazenby; and that, for further security, on the neck of every bottle of the Genuine Sauce will henceforward appear an additional label, printed in green and red, as follows:—"This notice will be affixed to Lazenby's Harvey's Sauce, prepared at the original warehouse, in addition to the well-known labels, which are protected against imitation by a perpetual injunction in Chancery of 9th July, 1858."

6, EDWARDS STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON.

A Toilette Requisite for the Summer.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA is the most certain REMEDY for RESTORING and STRENGTHENING the HAIR. By it whiskers and moustachos are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate head-dress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 4s., and 11s.

C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.

BOUGHT EXPERIENCE.—To sufferers from the racking pains of Rheumatism and Gout, these soothing remedies will prove a perfect God-send. They lessen the inflammation and remove the exquisite sensibility of the nerves, when pain gradually ceases. The Ointment disperses all blotches or pimples which can spot the fairest skin, and renders it soft and silky.

[Extract from
CIRCULAR,
issued September.]

THE TEA TRADE.

Royal Bank Buildings,

Liverpool, October, 1861.

Owing to the increasing demand for our Selection of Black Tea and in order to prevent any delays—and to secure a proper despatch of Goods—we have now made extended arrangements for the approaching Season.—Cargoes of the New Tea are expected to arrive in October.

Some of the "Fine Black Tea" already shipped from the New Port of "Hankow," on the *Yang-tze-Kiang River*, lately opened to British Commerce, will be found very superior.

—We, therefore, expect to be enabled to offer to our numerous customers advantages as regards Quality, which they have not for years—if ever—enjoyed.

— *This Branch of our Trade—the serving of Families—was opened September, 1840, and founded upon a principle calculated to afford the greatest advantage in Price—with every possible security as to Quality.*

Your obliged and faithful Servants,

ROBT. ROBERTS & COMPANY.

Tea and Coffee Salesmen,

Entrance up the Steps—Leading to the Royal Bank.

LIVERPOOL.

ALLEN'S PATENT PORTMANTEAUS

AND TRAVELLING BAGS, with square openings;

LADIES' WARDROBE TRUNKS,

DRESSING BAGS, WITH SILVER FITTINGS,

DESPATCH BOXES,

WRITING AND DRESSING CASES,



And 500 other Articles for Home or Continental Travelling. Illustrated Catalogues Post free.
Also ALLEN'S BARRACK FURNITURE CATALOGUE of Portable Bedsteads, Drawers, Easy Chairs, Wash-hand Stands, Canteens, &c., Post free.

J. W. ALLEN, Manufacturer and Patentee,
22 & 31, WEST STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A MOST
DESIRABLE BREAKFAST BEVERAGE.

EPPS'S COCOA,

(commonly called Epps's Homœopathic Cocoa).

The Delicious Aroma,
Grateful Smoothness, and Invigorating Power of this
Preparation,

Have procured its general adoption
as a most

Desirable Breakfast Beverage.

Each Packet is labelled—

JAMES EPPS, Homœopathic Chemist, London.

Sold in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb., and 1-lb. packets, at 1s. 6d. per lb.,
by Grocers, everywhere.



CRYSTAL CLOTH PRESSER,
New style Hemmer, Binder, Corder, &c.

OFFICES AND SALE ROOMS,
139, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
Late 462, Oxford Street.

Instruction gratis to every Purchaser.

THE LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE will Gather, Hem, Fell, Bind, or Stitch, with great rapidity, answers well for ALL descriptions of work, is simple, compact, and elegant in design, the work will not ravel, and is the same on both sides, the speed is from 1000 to 2000 stitches per minute; a child 12 years old can work it, and the Machine is suitable alike for the Family or the Manufacturer.—*Illustrated Prospectus, with Testimonials, gratis and post free.*

ASTHMA

Short and Difficult Breathing, Tightness of the Chest, Asthmatic Paroxysms, &c.,
Instantly relieved by **DATURA TATULA**, a species of Stramonium grown in this Country only by

SAVORY AND MOORE, Chemists to the Queen,

Prepared in the form of CIGARS, CIGARETTES, and PACKETS for FUMIGATING the ROOM.
DATURA TATULA is adapted to the circumstances and condition of all **ASTHMATIC PATIENTS**.
In Boxes, 3s., 6s., and 8s. each labelled with the Trade Mark of the Firm.

143, New Bond Street; 29, Chapel Street, Belgravia; and 220, Regent Street, London.



THE BEST REMEDY FOR NERVOUS COMPLAINTS,
ALLAYING PAIN, PROCURING TRANQUILITY and REPOSE, especially efficacious in
DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, SPASMS, FEVERS, &c.

JEREMIES' CELEBRATED SEDATIVE & ANTISPASMODIC.

Sold in the novel and ingenious bottles for regulating the dose, approved by the Medical Profession and the Public.

Prepared only by **SAVORY & MOORE, 143, New Bond Street, London.**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PREPARED CORN,

For Puddings, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c.
IS THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE—ESTABLISHED 1849.
THE OSWEGO HAS A DELICACY AND PURITY NOT POSSESSED BY ANY OF THE ENGLISH IMITATIONS.

Give it one trial so as to know what the genuine American article is.

WHOLESALE LONDON AGENTS,
ROBINSON, BELLVILLE AND CO., 64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN.

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,

For making quickly and at small cost, superior Barley Water; recommended as a summer drink, cooling in Fevers, or for Mothers nursing, and eminently nutritious as Infant's Food.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS,

The most esteemed and best known preparation for making pure Gruel; persons of weak digestion or constipative habit would derive benefit from its use.

ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, & Co.,

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,

64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN.

ESTABLISHED 1764

THE PATENT AMERICAN KITCHENER

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST COOKING-RANGE.
THE "ENCHANTRESS."



THIS invaluable STOVE is not surpassed for CONVENIENCE, ECONOMY, ELEGANCE, or COMPACTNESS, by the most expensive Cooking Range. It saves at least *half* the Fuel usually consumed—Is a perfect cure for a smoky chimney—Is elegant and compact in design, and occupies a very small space—Is clean and convenient in use—Portable and complete within itself—Requires no setting in Brickwork, but can be placed and put in operation in a few minutes by any inexperienced person—Is more durable than the generality of Stoves—Has accommodation in the top for four Boilers, Pots, or Kettles at the same time—Has a large Oven, which is always at a regular heat—May be fitted with a detached Boiler, holding 17 gallons, which is heated by the same fire—Is as cheerful in appearance as an ordinary open Fire Range—Will cook for a large family, at a cost for Fuel of One Shilling per week—Yields a constant supply of Hot Water—Forms an excellent Ironing Stove—and is fitted with a full complement of Cooking Utensils, including 2 Iron Kettles, tinned inside, 1 Tea Kettle, 1 Vegetable Steamer, 1 Large Oval Boiler with copper bottom, 1 Oval Frying-pan, 1 Round Frying-pan, 1 Grid-iron, 3 Iron Baking Pans for Oven, Poker, Rake Handle for lifting off Covers, &c.

The KITCHENERS can be securely packed for transit, and are delivered free to any Railway Station or Wharf in London. An Illustrated Prospectus, with Prices, Testimonials, and full particulars, free on application, and the Ranges may be inspected in full operation daily at the

AMERICAN STOVE WAREHOUSE

155, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. JOSEPH H. RIDDELL, Sole Agent.

"The temporary relief obtained by means of Pills or other medicines is purchased at the high price of the aggravation and of the perpetuating the disease."—Dr. HENRY.

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE

FOR INDIGESTION (DYSPEPSIA), HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, DEBILITY, COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, PALPITATION, PHLEGM, FLATULENCY, NAUSEA AND SICKNESS, NERVOUS, BILIOUS, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, ACIDITY, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SPASMS, CRAMP, NOISES IN THE EARS AND HEAD, &c.

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING FOOD, REVALENTA ARABICA,

REMOVES effectually the above complaints and their consequences, and saves fifty times its cost in Medicines, restoring perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound and refreshing sleep, functional regularity, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled, without any of the uncertainties, annoyances, and ruinous expenses incurred by Medicine, Cod Liver Oil, or visits to distant climes. Certificate No. 36,418—"We find it the safest remedy."—Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., Dr. Harvey, Dr. Shorland.

We quote a few out of 58,000 Cures:—Cure No. 71, of Dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies: "I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food. Stuart de Decies."

Cure No. 57,314. "Tittenson, Oct. 25th, 1860. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the benefit I have derived from it after every other means had failed. I can now rest very well at night, my appetite is perfectly restored, and the pains in my leg, back, and chest are quite gone, and I am fast gaining strength and flesh. If your food was better known, I believe it would save many thousand lives which are destroyed recklessly by poisonous drugs, and many families would be saved from utter ruin. Mrs. A. Owen."

Cure No. 57,816. "5, Albert Street, Maidstone, 26th March, 1857: Dear Sir, I am happy to say I have found great benefit from your Revalenta Arabica Food. In a very short time the pains between my shoulders, and in the chest, stomach, and all my limbs disappeared, and my spirits improved rapidly. For the last year my life was quite a misery to me, with unfitness for any work, and loss of memory, but I am now restored to health. Mary Ann Waters."

No. 42,612. "Bonn, July 19, 1862: Du Barry's Food is particularly effective in curing indigestion (dyspepsia), a confined habit of body, as also diarrhoea, bowel complaints, affections of the kidney and bladder, and hemorrhoids; also pulmonary and bronchial consumption. Dr. Rud Wurzer, Professor of Medicine, and Practical M.D. in Bonn."

Cure No. 49,832. "Of fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting. Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 52,087. Field-Marshal the Duke of Pluskiw, of a gastric inflammation of the stomach.

Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 36,212. Captain Allen, of epileptic fits.

Cure No. 42,110. Major Edie, of diarrhoea and enlargement of the liver, and total prostration of strength.

Cure No. 36,416. Rev. Dr. Minster of cramps, spasms, and daily vomitings.

Cure No. 52,612. The Dowager Countess of Castlestuart, of many years' irritability, bile, and indigestion.

Cure No. 54,812. Miss Virginia Zeguera, of consumption.

Cure No. 180. W. B. Reeves, 181, Fleet Street, London, of twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility.

Cure No. 4,208. Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk, of eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea.

Cure No. 46,270. Mr. James Roberts, timber merchant, of Frimley, Surrey, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 46,814. Mr. Samuel Laxton, Leicester, two years' diarrhoea.

Cure No. 54,816. From the Rev. James T. Campbell, Syderstone Rectory, near Fakenham, Norfolk; in all cases of indigestion, and particularly when the liver is more than usually affected, I consider it the best of remedies.—James T. Campbell.

Sold in Canisters, 1 lb., 2s. 9d.; 2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 12 lb., 22s.; 24 lb., 40s. Super refined quality, 10 lb., 33s. The 12 lb. and 24 lb. canisters carriage free, on receipt of Post Office order by BARRY DU BARRY and Co., 77, Regent Street, London; FORTNUM, MASON, and Co., 182, Piccadilly; ABBIS, 60, Gracechurch Street, and at 63 and 150, Oxford Street; 229 and 330, Strand; 4, Cheapside; 54, Upper Baker Street, London; and through all Grocers and Chemists in the world. Also in Paris, Du Barry and Co., 32, Rue d'Hauteville; and in Berlin, 47, Neuefriedrichs-Strasse; and Brussels, 80, Montagne-de-la-Cour.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR WHOSE WATERPROOFS ARE THE BEST ? CORDING'S.

They have been proved for several years; and are acknowledged by those who have used them to be the best and only ones to be relied on

IN ALL CLIMATES.

CORDING'S FISHING BOOTS & STOCKINGS

Are found most serviceable for comfort and health.

LIFE BELTS, AIR BEDS,

COMPRESSIBLE SPONGING BATHS FOR TRAVELLERS.

KAMPTULICON FLOOR CLOTHS, AND THE NEW DOOR MATS.

CAUTION.—All Genuine Goods are stamped with the Name,

J. C. CORDING, 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR.



Handsome Chased Vine Cake Basket . . .	£1 10 0
Ditto Bread Basket to match . . .	2 0 0
Ditto Engraved Silver, 6 inches . . .	0 15 0
Ditto ditto ditto, 7 inches . . .	0 18 0
Ditto ditto ditto, 8 inches . . .	1 1 0
Superior Vine Breakfast Cruet . . .	1 0 0
Elegant Four-glass Cruet Frame . . .	1 0 0
Elegant Soup Tureen, to hold two quarts . . .	4 10 0
Set of Three Superior Table Dishes . . .	5 0 0
Venison Dish, for Hot Water, to match . . .	7 5 0
Set of Four Entrée Dishes . . .	5 10 0
Set of Warmers for ditto . . .	5 0 0
Elegant Soup Tureen, to hold three quarts . . .	5 5 0

This Establishment, the oldest of its class in London, dating from Queen Elizabeth, when it was known as the Old Golden Ball, of Bowyer Row (now Ludgate Street), ought to be a guarantee of the quality of the wares now offered. Full information about prices, copiously illustrated (with 100 designs), is contained in a new Catalogue (Gratis).

Thomas West, 18, Ludgate Street, London. Manufactory, Victoria Works.

WEST'S PATENT ELECTRO PLATE (AMALGAMATED SILVER)

Is the only Article equal to Silver.

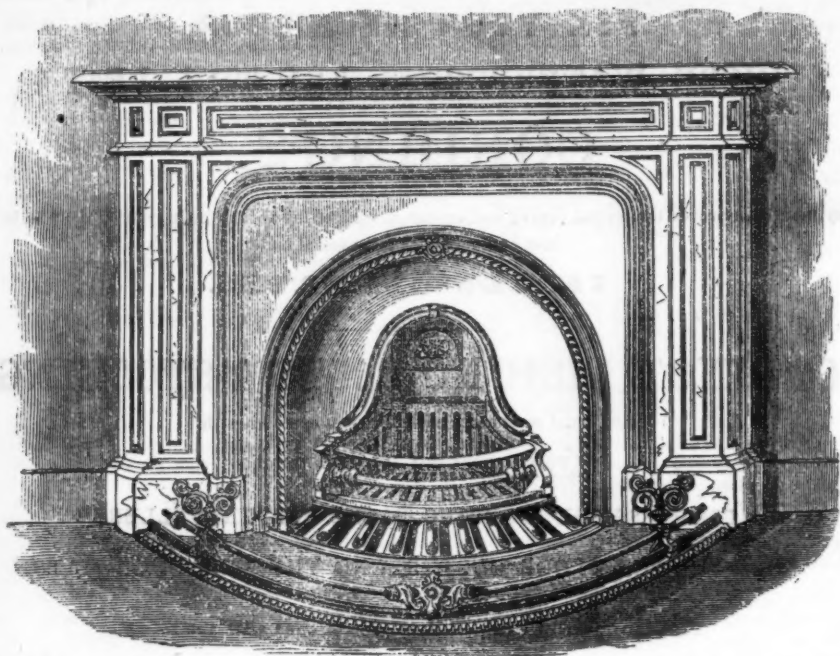
ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS & FORKS, FULL SIZE.

Best quality.	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	King's Pattern.	Lily Pattern.
12 Table Forks . . .	£1 16 0	£2 8 0	£3 0 0	£3 10 0
12 Table Spoons . . .	1 16 0	2 8 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Dessert Forks . . .	1 7 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Spoons . . .	1 7 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons . . .	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles . . .	0 7 0	0 8 6	0 10 6	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon . . .	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt) . . .	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 13 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do. . .	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs . . .	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers . . .	1 0 0	1 7 6	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife . . .	0 3 0	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle . . .	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) . . .	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service £10 12 10 14 9 6 17 8 0 20 12 6

Any Article sold separately at the above rate, which is one-third less than the usual charges.

One Set of Four Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £5; one Set of Four Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£9 18s.; Cruet Frame, 4-Glass, 20s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post gratis. Spoons and Forks of equal quality usually charged one-third more.



FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, And CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS.

They contain such an assortment of

**FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS,
And GENERAL IRONMONGERY,**

As cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ormolu ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ormolu ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18; chimney-pieces, from £1 8s. to £90; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to £4 4s.

The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S
General Furnishing Ironmongery Catalogue**

may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his illimited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britania Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimneypieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gaseliers, Tea Trays, Urns and Kettles, Closets, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c. with Lists of Prices and PLANS of the

**TWENTY LARGE SHOW ROOMS AT
39, OXFORD STREET, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, & 4, NEWMAN STREET;
4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE; and 1, NEWMAN MEWS,
LONDON.**

ESTABLISHED 1820.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

**NOW READY,
THE FIFTH VOLUME
OF
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,**

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

The conclusion of **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

A STRANGE STORY, by the Author of "My Novel," "Rienzi," &c. To be continued from week to week until completed.

ADVENTURE.—In Peril Underground. Under the Golden Fleece. Fire in a Coal Mine. Cattle Farmers in the Pampas. A Night in the Jungle. A Little Dinner with the Captain.

AFRICA.—Life in Africa. Among the Arabs.

AMERICA.—American Street Railroads. Election Time in America. Agricultural Exhibition in Virginia. Two Friends from Texas. American Sensations. Northern Dog and Southern Cat. American Cotton. Naval and Military Traditions of America. American Theatrical Experience. American Sportsmen. The Boundless Bed Chamber. Love in Kentucky.

ANTIQUITY.—A Tragedy of Old London Bridge. Ancient Quacks.

BIOGRAPHY.—Thomas Turner's Back Parlour. The Queen of the Blue Stockings. Wild Oats from Scotland. Ignoble Dukes. The Last Lewises. The Byrons of Newstead. Boyle's Point of View. Friar Bacon. L'acenaire. Happy as a Princess. Dr. Wilkins's Prophetic Dreams.

BOTANY.—Confectioners' Botany.

CENSUS.—Census Curiosities. News of the Census.

CHINA.—Chinese Slaves Adrift.

THE CHURCH.—Pastors and Masters.

COLONIAL.—A Two Year Old Colony.

EDUCATION.—Work for more Volunteers.

FACTORY LIFE.—Children of all Work.

FINANCE.—Phases in the Funds. Adventures of M. Mires.

FIRES.—Great Fires.

GASTRONOMY.—Metamorphoses of Food. Sweets.

GEOGRAPHY.—Arctic and Antarctic Lands. Robinson Crusoe's Island.

GEOLOGY.—The Treasures of the Earth.

IMPOSTURE.—Dictionary Dreams.

INDIA.—India and Cotton. A Fair on the Ganges.

JESUITS.—Secret Instructions of the Jesuits.

LANGUAGE.—Wandering Words.

LAW.—An Unexamined Witness in the Great Marriage Case. A Will of His Own. Story of the Incumbered Estates Court. (In Two Chapters.) On the Grand Jury.

The preceding Four Volumes are always to be had; containing, with many other Papers,

A TALE OF TWO CITIES, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

HUNTED DOWN, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE, by **CHARLES LEVER.**

MANNERS.—My Young Remembrance. A Parcel of Preachers. Dolls' Coffins. The Hyde Park Preachings. Easy Boots. Kissing. Something New. The Minister of the Interior. Old Rome in Crystal. A Dialogue Concerning Convicts. Cheating at Cards. Sea-Side Lodgers. On the Civil War now Raging in England. On the Tight Rope. Manors and Manners. Laborious Trifling. The Mountgarret Romance. Farmer Pincher's Rats. **MEDICAL LIFE**.—Hospital for Incurables. Medical Nuts to Crack. Growth of a Hospital. Sands of Life.

MILITARY LIFE.—The 101st Regiment. Grand Godard.

MUSIC.—Music among the Japanese. Amina and the Mill Wheel.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—Marine Meteorology. Recent Discoveries concerning Light. Perfumes.

NAVAL LIFE.—Privateering. Costly Food for Fishes. Dials for the Sea.

NATURAL HISTORY.—The Birds' Petition. On Tails. A Butterfly Feast. An Ugly Likeness. Next Door Neighbours to the Gorilla. Elephants, Fossil and Musical. Fresh Fish. Peacocks. Some Snake Experiences. Salmon. Acclimatization. Salmon Breeding. A Ray of Light.

POETRY.—Adolfus, Duke of Guelders. Christian, the Dol-Hertzog. Mohammed. Guests at the Great Inn. My Holiday. Cross Roads. Count Abel. Old and New. The Old Statue. Day Dreams. The Spirit's Visit. The Starling. Lady Mabel's Lovers. July. Misanthropy in Vain. Sky Pictures in Sicily. Parting Day. Unrest.

POOR LAW.—The Sick Pauper.

POST OFFICE.—Hear the Postman.

RUSSIA.—Easter in Russia. Russian Travel.

SEWERAGE.—Underground London, in Five Chapters.

SYRIA.—After the Lebanon Massacres.

TALES.—A Very Likely Story. The Caldron of Oil. Awakening Discourses. Adventures of Ali-Mahmud. The King of the Pigeons. Andalusian Tales. Ghostly Quarters. Memoirs of an Adopted Son. Four Stories. Curious Discovery in Whitechapel.

TOPOGRAPHY.—Great Salt Lake.

VOLUNTEERING.—Grimgibber Position Drill. Rifle Practice in the Country.

Part of **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**, by **CHARLES DICKENS.**

THE WOMAN IN WHITE, by **WILKIE COLLINS.** Also,

THE HAUNTED HOUSE, and **A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.**

Being the Double Numbers for Christmas, 1859 and 1860.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 26, Wallington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—*Shakespeare.*

THE FOURTH VOLUME OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS,

Price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth, contains

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, a New Story, by **CHARLES DICKENS**. To be continued from week to week until completed.

A DAY'S RIDE, A LIFE'S ROMANCE, by **CHARLES LEVER**, concluded.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA, being the Christmas Number for 1860.

AMERICA.—Mount Vernon Papers. Black Weather from the South. American Sleeping Cars. A Tour in the Mammoth Cave. American Snake Stories. A Scene in the Cotton Country. Scenery of South Carolina. Charleston City. American Volunteer Firemen.

ANTIQUITY.—Five Hundred Years Ago.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.—Pay for your Places. Volunteers at Hythe. Soldiers and Sailors.

BIOGRAPHY.—A Beautiful Devil [Angélique Tiquet]. Despised and Forgotten.

CHINA.—Chinamen Afloat. The Man for China. Chinamen's Dinners. Flaws in China.

THE CLERGY.—The Wolf at the Church Door.

COMMERCE.—On Spec.

COLONIES.—Episcopacy in the Rough [British Columbia]. The Jamaica Revivals.

THE DRAMA.—Much Better than Shakespeare.

EDUCATION.—Stomach for Study.

GEOLOGY.—Stone for Building.

HEALTH.—Sanitary Science. Registration of Sickness.

HISTORY.—A Yorkist Tragedy. King Henry the Fifth's Spoons. The King of Yvetot.

INDIA.—The Englishman in Bengal.

ITALY.—A Cardinal Secretary of State. A Roman Reception. City of Flowers and Flower of Cities. A Roman Soldier. Our Roman Inn. Going to the Front. Four Vatican Pictures. The Opera at Rome. Our Roman Day. A Roman Cook's Oracle. Waiting for Capua. Gauls in Rome.

JOURNALISM.—When Greek meets Greek. [A Greek Newspaper.] Unique Publishing. On the Parish [Local Newspapers].

LEGENDS.—A Legend of the Aryan Race. Bouquet from the Baltic.

MANNERS.—Concerning Dining. Real Mysteries of Paris and London. A Fountain in the Village. Pedlar's Congress. Thoroughly English Fashions. A French Looking Glass for England. The Inconvenience of being a Cornish Man. Happy and Unhappy Couples. Christmas Eve in College. My Learned Friends. The Table d'Hôte. Boxing Day. Mr. Singleman on Tea.

MAGIC.—Magic and Science.

MUSIC.—Mr. Hullah's Classes.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Earliest Man. In Praise of Bears. Silk for the Multitude. More about Silkworms. Transmutation of Species. The Great Sower. Oysters.

NATURAL PHENOMENA.—The Moon. Water Everywhere. Wonders of the Sea. Hard Frosts. Under the Sea.

POETRY.—My Will. Poor Margaret. The Manse. Longings. Transplanted. The World of Love. Rejoice! Forgiven. Snow. Forest Voices. The Watcher. Changes. Northern Lights. The Flight. The Sacred City. Guesses. The Statues.

POETS.—Poets at Fault. Proscribed Poetry.

POOR LAW.—Poor Law Doctors. A New Chamber of Horrors [Administration of the Poor Law]. The Frozen out Poor Law.

PRUSSIA.—Policemen in Prussia.

RAILWAYS.—Some Railway Points.

RUSSIA.—Russian Foundling Hospitals.

SPORT.—Hunting the Stag in Germany.

THE STAGE.—Managers and Music Halls.

STORIES.—Uncle's Salvage. Under the Snow. Up a Step Ladder. The Grey Woman. Lady Seamer's Escape. A Public Reception. My Father's Secret. The Family at Fenhous.

SYRIA.—The French in Lebanon.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.—The big Bottle.

ALSO,

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA,

*Being the Double Number for Christmas,
Containing:*

Chapter I. The Village. Chapter II. The Money. Chapter III. The Club-Night. Chapter IV. The Seafaring Man. Chapter V. The Restitution.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, Price 2d., and in Monthly Parts, at 2s. Wellington Street, London, W.C.; and by Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 124.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day I had just dismissed the last of my visiting patients, and was about to enter my carriage and commence my round, when I received a twisted note containing but these words:

"Call on me to-day, as soon as you can.

"M. POYNTZ."

A few minutes afterwards I was in Mrs. Poyntz's drawing-room.

"Well, Allen Fenwick," said she, "I do not serve friends by halves. No thanks! I but adhere to a principle I have laid down for myself. I spent last evening with the Ashleighs. Lilian is certainly much altered—very weak, I fear very ill, and I believe very unskilfully treated by Dr. Jones. I felt that it was my duty to insist on a change of physician, but there was something else to consider before deciding who that physician should be. I was bound, as your confidant, to consult your own scruples of honour. Of course I could not say point-blank to Mrs. Ashleigh, 'Dr. Fenwick admires your daughter, would you object to him as a son-in-law?' Of course I could not touch at all on the secret with which you entrusted me; but I have not the less arrived at a conclusion, in agreement with my previous belief, that not being a woman of the world, Anne Ashleigh has none of the ambition which women of the world would conceive for a daughter who has a good fortune, and considerable beauty; that her predominant anxiety is for her child's happiness, and her predominant fear is that her child will die. She would never oppose any attachment which Lilian might form, and if that attachment were for one who had preserved her daughter's life, I believe her own heart would gratefully go with her daughter's. So far, then, as honour is concerned, all scruples vanish."

I sprang from my seat, radiant with joy. Mrs. Poyntz dryly continued: "You value yourself on your common sense, and to that I address a few words of counsel which may not be welcome to your romance. I said that I did not think you and Lilian would suit each other in the long run; reflection confirms me in that supposition. Do not look at me so incre-

dulously and so sadly. Listen, and take heed. Ask yourself what, as a man whose days are devoted to a laborious profession, whose ambition is entwined with its success, whose mind must be absorbed in its pursuits—ask yourself what kind of wife you would have sought to win, had not this sudden fancy for a charming face rushed over your better reason, and obliterated all previous plans and resolutions. Surely some one with whom your heart would have been quite at rest; by whom your thoughts would have been undistracted from the channels into which your calling should concentrate their flow; in short, a serene companion in the quiet holiday of a trustful home. Is it not so?"

"You interpret my own thoughts when they have turned towards marriage. But what is there in Lilian Ashleigh that should mar the picture you have drawn?"

"What is there in Lilian Ashleigh which in the least accords with the picture? In the first place, the wife of a young physician should not be his perpetual patient. The more he loves her, and the more worthy she may be of love, the more her case will haunt him wherever he goes. When he returns home, it is not to a holiday; the patient he most cares for, the anxiety that most gnaws him, await him there."

"But, good Heavens! why should Lilian Ashleigh be a perpetual patient? The sanitary resources of youth are incalculable. And——"

"Let me stop you; I cannot argue against a physician in love! I will give up that point in dispute, remaining convinced that there is something in Lilian's constitution which will perplex, torment, and baffle you. It was so with her father, whom she resembles in face and in character. He showed no symptoms of any grave malady. His outward form was like Lilian's, a model of symmetry, except in this, that, like hers, it was too exquisitely delicate; but, when seemingly in the midst of perfect health, at any slight jar on the nerves he would become alarmingly ill. I was sure that he would die young, and he did so."

"Ay, but Mrs. Ashleigh said that his death was from brain fever, brought on by over study. Rarely, indeed, do women so fatigue the brain. No female patient, in the range of my practice, ever died of purely mental exertion."

"Of purely mental exertion, no; but of heart emotion, many female patients, perhaps?"

Oh, you own that! I know nothing about nerves. But I suppose that, whether they act on the brain or the heart, the result to life is much the same if the nerves be too finely strung for life's daily wear and tear. And this is what I mean, when I say you and Lilian will not suit. As yet, she is a mere child; her nature undeveloped, and her affection, therefore, untried. You might suppose that you had won her heart; she might believe that she gave it to you, and both be deceived. If fairies now-a-days condescended to exchange their offspring with those of mortals, and if the popular tradition did not represent a fairy changeling as an ugly peevish creature, with none of the grace of its parents, I should be half inclined to suspect that Lilian was one of the elfin people. She never seems at home on earth; and I do not think she will ever be contented with a prosaic earthly lot. Now I have told you why I do not think she will suit you. I must leave it to yourself to conjecture how far you would suit her. I say this in due season; while you may yet set a guard upon impulse; while you may yet watch, and weigh, and meditate; and from this moment on that subject I say no more. I lend advice, but I never throw it away."

She came here to a dead pause, and began putting on her bonnet and scarf which lay on the table beside her. I was a little chilled by her words, and yet more by the blunt, shrewd, hard look and manner which aided the effect of their delivery. But the chill melted away in the sudden glow of my heart when she again turned towards me and said:

"Of course you guess, from these preliminary cautions, that you are going into danger? Mrs. Ashleigh wishes to consult you about Lilian, and I propose to take you to her house."

"Oh, my friend, my dear friend, how can I ever repay you!" I caught her hand, the white firm hand, and lifted it to my lips.

She drew it somewhat hastily away, and laying it gently on my shoulder, said, in a soft voice, "Poor Allan, how little the world knows either of us! But how little, perhaps, do we know ourselves. Come, your carriage is here? That is right; we must put down Dr. Jones publicly and in all our state."

In the carriage Mrs. Poyntz told me the purport of that conversation with Mrs. Ashleigh to which I owed my reintroduction to Abbots' House. It seems that Mr. Vigors had called early the morning after my first visit; had evinced much discomposure on hearing that I had been summoned; dwelt much on my injurious treatment of Dr. Lloyd, whom, as distantly related to himself, and he (Mr. Vigors) being distantly connected to the late Gilbert Ashleigh, he endeavoured to fasten upon his listener as one of her husband's family, whose quarrel she was bound in honour to take up. He spoke of me as an infidel "tainted with French doctrines," and as a practitioner rash and presumptuous; proving his own freedom from presumption and rashness by flatly deciding that my opinion must be wrong. Previously to Mrs. Ashleigh's

migration to L——, Mr. Vigors had interested her in the pretended phenomena of mesmerism. He had consulted a clairvoyante much esteemed by poor Dr. Lloyd, as to Lilian's health, and the clairvoyante had declared her to be constitutionally predisposed to consumption. Mr. Vigors persuaded Mrs. Ashleigh to come at once with him and see this clairvoyante herself, armed with a lock of Lilian's hair and a glove she had worn, as the media of mesmeric rapport.

The clairvoyante, one of those I had publicly denounced as an impostor, naturally enough denounced me in return. On being asked solemnly by Mr. Vigors "to look at Dr. Fenwick and see if his influence would be beneficial to the subject," the sibyl had become violently agitated, and said that, "when she looked at us together, we were enveloped in a black cloud; that this portended affliction and sinister consequences; that our rapport was antagonistic." Mr. Vigors then told her to dismiss my image, and conjure up that of Dr. Jones. Therewith the somnambule became more tranquil, and said: "Dr. Jones would do well if he would be guided by higher lights than his own skill, and consult herself daily as to the proper remedies. The best remedy of all would be mesmerism. But since Dr. Lloyd's death, she did not know of a mesmerist, sufficiently gifted, in affinity with the patient." In fine, she impressed and awed Mrs. Ashleigh, who returned in haste, summoned Dr. Jones, and dismissed myself.

"I could not have conceived Mrs. Ashleigh to be so utterly wanting in common sense," said I. "She talked rationally enough when I saw her."

"She has common sense in general, and plenty of the sense most common," answered Mrs. Poyntz. "But she is easily led and easily frightened wherever her affections are concerned, and therefore just as easily as she had been persuaded by Mr. Vigors and terrified by the somnambule, I persuaded her against the one, and terrified her against the other. I had positive experience on my side, since it was clear that Lilian had been getting rapidly worse under Dr. Jones's care. The main objections I had to encounter in inducing her to consult you again were, first, in Mrs. Ashleigh's reluctance to disoblige Mr. Vigors, as a friend and connexion of Lilian's father; and, secondly, a sentiment of shame in reinviting your opinion after having treated you with so little respect. Both these difficulties I took on myself. I bring you to her house, and, on leaving you, I shall go on to Mr. Vigors, and tell him what is done in my doing, and not to be undone by him; so that matter is settled. Indeed, if you were out of the question, I should not suffer Mr. Vigors to reintroduce all these mummeries of clairvoyance and mesmerism into the precincts of the Hill. I did not demolish a man I really liked in Dr. Lloyd, to set up a Dr. Jones, whom I despise, in his stead. Clairvoyance on Abbey Hill, indeed! I saw enough of it before."

"True; your strong intellect detected at once the absurdity of the whole pretence—the

falsity of mesmerism—the impossibility of clairvoyance.”

“No, my strong intellect did nothing of the kind. I do not know whether mesmerism be false or clairvoyance impossible; and I don’t wish to know. All I do know is, that I saw the Hill in great danger; young ladies allowing themselves to be put to sleep by gentlemen, and pretending they had no will of their own against such fascination! Improper and shocking! And Miss Brabazon beginning to prophesy, and Mrs. Leopold Smythe questioning her maid (whom Dr. Lloyd declared to be highly gifted) as to all the secrets of her friends. When I saw this, I said, ‘The Hill is becoming demoralised; the Hill is making itself ridiculous; the Hill must be saved!’ I remonstrated with Dr. Lloyd, as a friend; he remained obdurate. I annihilated him as an enemy, not to me, but to the State. I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. Now you know why I took your part; not because I have any opinion one way or the other as to the truth or falsehood of what Dr. Lloyd asserted; but I have a strong opinion that whether they be true or false, his notions were those which are not to be allowed on the Hill. And so, Allen Fenwick, that matter was settled.”

Perhaps at another time I might have felt some little humiliation to learn that I had been honoured with the influence of this great potentate, not as a champion of truth, but as an instrument of policy, and I might have owned to some twinge of conscience in having assisted to sacrifice a fellow-seeker after science—misled, no doubt, but preferring his independent belief to his worldly interest—and sacrifice him to those deities with whom science is ever at war—the Prejudices of a Clique sanctified into the Proprieties of the World. But at that moment the words I heard made no perceptible impression on my mind. The gables of Abbots’ House were visible above the evergreens and lilacs: another moment, and the carriage stopped at the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. ASHLEIGH received us in the dining-room. Her manner to me, at first, was a little confused and shy. But my companion soon communicated something of her own happy ease to her gentler friend. After a short conversation we all three went to Lilian, who was in a little room on the ground floor, fitted up as her study. I was glad to perceive that my interdict of the death-chamber had been respected.

She reclined on a sofa near the window, which was, however, jealously closed; the light of the bright May day obscured by blinds and curtains; a large fire on the hearth; the air of the room that of a hothouse—the ignorant, insensible exploded system of nursing into consumption those who are confined on suspicion of it. She did not heed us as we entered noiselessly; her eyes were drooped languidly on the floor, and with difficulty I suppressed the exclamation that rose to my lips on seeing her.

She seemed within the last few days so changed, and on the aspect of the countenance there was so profound a melancholy. But as she slowly turned at the sound of our footsteps, and her eyes met mine, a quick blush came into the wan cheek, and she half rose, but sank back as if the effect exhausted her. There was a struggle for breath, and a low hollow cough. Was it possible that I had been mistaken, and that in that cough was heard the warning knell of the most insidious enemy to youthful life?

I sat down by her side. I lured her on to talk of indifferent subjects—the weather, the gardens, the bird in the cage, which was placed on the table near her. Her voice, at first low and feeble, became gradually stronger, and her face lighted up with a child’s innocent playful smile. No, I had not been mistaken! That was no lymphatic nerveless temperament on which consumption fastens as its lawful prey—here there was no hectic pulse, no hurried waste of the vital flame. Quietly and gently I made my observations, addressed my questions, applied my stethoscope; and when I turned my face towards her mother’s anxious, eager eyes, that face spoke for me, for her mother sprang forward, clasped my hand, and said, through her struggling tears,

“You smile! You see nothing to fear?”

“Fear—no, indeed! You will soon be again yourself, Miss Ashleigh, will you not?”

“Yes,” she said, with her sweet laugh, “shall be well now very soon. But may I not have the window open—may I not go into the garden? I so long for fresh air.”

“No, no, darling,” exclaimed Mrs. Ashleigh, “not while the east winds last. Dr. Jones said on no account. On no account, Dr. Fenwick, eh?”

“Will you take my arm, Miss Ashleigh, and walk about the room?” said I. “We will then see how far we may rebel against Dr. Jones.”

She rose with some little effort, but there was no cough. At first her step was languid—it became lighter and more elastic after a few moments.

“Let her come out,” said I to Mrs. Ashleigh. “The wind is not in the east, and, while we are out, pray bid your servant lower to the last bar in the grate that fire—only fit for Christmas.”

“But—”

“Ah, no buts. He is a poor doctor who is not a stern despot.”

So the straw hat and mantle were sent for. Lilian was wrapped with unnecessary care, and we all went forth into the garden. Involuntarily we took the way to the Monk’s Well, and at every step Lilian seemed to revive under the bracing air and temperate sun. We paused by the Well.

“You do not feel fatigued, Miss Ashleigh?”

“No.”

“But your face seems changed. It is grown sadder.”

“Not sadder.”

“Sadder than when I first saw it—saw it

when you were seated here!" I said this in a whisper. I felt her hand tremble as it lay on my arm.

"You saw me seated here!"

"Yes. I will tell you how, some day."

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and there was in them that same surprise which I had noticed on my first visit—a surprise that perplexed me, blended with no displeasure, but yet with a something of vague alarm.

We soon returned to the house.

Mrs. Ashleigh made me a sign to follow her into the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Poyntz with Lilian.

"Well?" said she, tremblingly.

"Permit me to see Dr. Jones's prescriptions. Thank you. Ay, I thought so. My dear madam, the mistake here has been in depressing nature instead of strengthening; in narcotics instead of stimulants. The main stimulants which leave no reaction are air and light. Promise me that I may have my own way for a week; that all I recommend will be implicitly heeded?"

"I promise. But that cough; you noticed it?"

"Yes. The nervous system is terribly lowered, and nervous exhaustion is a strange impostor—it imitates all manner of complaints with which it has no connexion. The cough will soon disappear! But pardon my question. Mrs. Poyntz tells me that you consulted a clairvoyante about your daughter. Does Miss Ashleigh know that you did so?"

"No; I did not tell her."

"I am glad of that. And pray, for Heaven's sake, guard her against all that may set her thinking on such subjects. Above all, guard her against concentrating attention on any malady that your fears erroneously ascribe to her. It is amongst the phenomena of our organisation that you cannot closely rivet your consciousness on any part of the frame, however healthy, but it will soon begin to exhibit morbid sensibility. Try to fix all your attention on your little finger for half an hour, and before the half hour is over the little finger will be uneasy, probably even painful. How serious, then, is the danger to a young girl at the age in which imagination is most active, most intense, if you force upon her a belief that she is in danger of a mortal disease; it is a peculiarity of youth to brood over the thought of early death much more resignedly, much more complacently, than we do in maturer years. Impress on a young imaginative girl, as free from pulmonary tendencies as you and I are, the conviction that she must fade away into the grave, and though she may not actually die of consumption, you instil slow poison into her system. Hope is the natural aliment of youth. You impoverish nourishment where you discourage hope. As soon as this temporary illness is over, reject for your daughter the melancholy care which seems to her own mind to mark her out from others of her age. Rear her for the air—which is the kindest life-giver; to sleep with open windows; to be out at sunrise. Nature will do more for

her than all our drugs can do. You have been hitherto fearing Nature, now trust to her."

Here Mrs. Poyntz joined us, and having, while I had been speaking, written my prescription and some general injunctions, I closed my advice with an appeal to that powerful protectress.

"This, my dear madam, is a case in which I need your aid, and I ask it. Miss Ashleigh should not be left with no other companion than her mother. A change of faces is often as salutary as a change of air. If you could devote an hour or two this very evening to sit with Miss Ashleigh, to talk to her with your usual easy cheerfulness, and——"

"Anne," interrupted Mrs. Poyntz, "I will come and drink tea with you at half-past seven, and bring my knitting; and perhaps, if you ask him, Dr. Fenwick will come too! He can be tolerably entertaining when he likes it."

"It is too great a tax on his kindness, I fear," said Mrs. Ashleigh. "But," she added cordially, "I should be grateful indeed if he would spare us an hour of his time."

I murmured an assent, which I endeavoured to make not too joyous.

"So that matter is settled," said Mrs. Poyntz; "and now I shall go to Mr. Vigors and prevent his further interference."

"Oh! but, Margaret, pray don't offend him; a connexion of my poor dear Gilbert's. And so tetchy! I am sure I do not know how you'll manage to——"

"To get rid of him? Never fear. As I manage everything and everybody," said Mrs. Poyntz, bluntly. So she kissed her friend on the forehead, gave me a gracious nod, and, declining the offer of my carriage, walked with her usual brisk, decided tread down the short path towards the town.

Mrs. Ashleigh timidly approached me, and again the furtive hand bashfully insinuating the hateful fee!

"Stay," said I; "this is a case which needs the most constant watching. I wish to call so often that I should seem the most greedy of doctors if my visits were to be computed at guineas. Let me be at ease to effect my cure; my pride of science is involved in it. And when amongst all the young ladies of the Hill you can point to none with a fresher bloom, or a fairer promise of healthful life, than the patient you entrust to my care, why, then the fee and the dismissal. Nay, nay; I must refer you to our friend Mrs. Poyntz. It was so settled with her before she brought me here to displace Dr. Jones." Therewith I escaped.

CHAPTER XV.

In less than a week Lilian was convalescent; in less than a fortnight she regained her usual health; nay, Mrs. Ashleigh declared that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and look so well. I had established a familiar intimacy at Abbots' House; most of my evenings were spent there. As horse exercise formed an important part of my advice, Mrs. Ashleigh had purchased a pretty and quiet horse for

her daughter; and, except the weather was very unfavourable, Lilian now rode daily with Colonel Poyntz, who was a notable equestrian, and often accompanied by Miss Jane Poyntz, and other young ladies of the Hill. I was generally relieved from my duties in time to join her as she returned homewards. Thus we made innocent appointments, openly, frankly, in her mother's presence, she telling me beforehand in what direction excursions had been planned with Colonel Poyntz, and I promising to fall in with the party—if my avocations would permit. At my suggestion, Mrs. Ashleigh now opened her house almost every evening to some of the neighbouring families; Lilian was thus habituated to the intercourse of young persons of her own age. Music and dancing and childlike games made the old house gay. And the Hill gratefully acknowledged to Mrs. Poyntz "that the Ashleighs were indeed a great acquisition."

But my happiness was not unchequered. In thus unselfishly surrounding Lilian with others, I felt the anguish of that jealousy which is inseparable from those earlier stages of love, when the lover as yet has won no right to that self-confidence which can only spring from the assurance that he is loved.

In these social reunions I remained aloof from Lilian. I saw her courted by the gay young admirers whom her beauty and her fortune drew around her; her soft face brightening in the exercise of the dance, which the gravity of my profession rather than my years forbade me to join—and her laugh, so musically subdued, ravishing my ear and fretting my heart as if the laugh were a mockery on my sombre self and my presumptuous dreams. But no, suddenly, shyly, her eyes would steal away from those about her, steal to the corner in which I sat, as if they missed me, and, meeting my own gaze, their light softened before they turned away; and the colour on her cheek would deepen, and to her lip there came a smile different from the smile that it shed on others. And then—and then—all jealousy, all sadness vanished, and I felt the glory which blends with the growing belief that we are loved.

In that diviner epoch of man's mysterious passion, when ideas of perfection and purity, vague and fugitive before, start forth and concentrate themselves round one virgin shape—that rises out from the sea of creation, welcomed by the Hours and adorned by the Graces—how the thought that this archetype of sweetness and beauty singles himself from the millions, singles himself for her choice, ennobles and lifts up his being. Though after experience may rebuke the mortal's illusion that mistook for a daughter of Heaven a creature of clay like himself, yet for a while the illusion has grandeur. Though it comes from the senses which shall later oppress and profane it, the senses at first shrink into shade, awed and hushed by the presence that charms them. All that is brightest and best in the man has soared up like long dormant instincts of Heaven, to greet and to hallow what to him seems life's fairest dream of

the heavenly! Take the wings from the image of Love, and the god disappears from the form!

Thus, if at moments jealous doubt made my torture, so the moment's relief from it sufficed for my rapture. But I had a cause for disquiet less acute but less varying than jealousy.

Despite Lilian's recovery from the special illness which had more immediately absorbed my care, I remained perplexed as to its cause and true nature. To her mother I gave it the convenient epithet of "nervous." But the epithet did not explain to myself all the symptoms I classified by it. There was still, at times, when no cause was apparent or conjecturable, a sudden change in the expression of her countenance; in the beat of her pulse; the eye would become fixed, the bloom would vanish, the pulse would sink feebler and feebler till it could be scarcely felt; yet there was no indication of heart disease, of which such sudden lowering of life is in itself sometime a warning indication. The change would pass away after a few minutes, during which she seemed unconscious, or, at least, never spoke; never appeared to heed what was said to her. But in the expression of her countenance there was no character of suffering or distress; on the contrary, a wondrous serenity that made her beauty more beauteous, her very youthfulness younger; and when this spurious or partial kind of syncope passed, she recovered at once without effort, without acknowledging that she had felt faint or unwell, but rather with a sense of recruited vitality, as the weary obtain from a sleep. For the rest, her spirits were more generally light and joyous than I should have premised from her mother's previous description. She would enter mirthfully into the mirth of young companions round her; she had evidently quick perception of the sunny sides of life; an infantine gratitude for kindness; an infantine joy in the trifles that amuse only those who delight in tastes pure and simple. But when talk rose into graver and more contemplative topics, her attention became earnest and absorbed; and, sometimes, a rich eloquence such as I have never before or since heard from lips so young, would startle me first into a wondering silence, and soon into a disapproving alarm. For the thoughts she then uttered seemed to me too fantastic, too visionary, too much akin to the vagaries of a wild though beautiful imagination. And then I would seek to check, to sober, to distract fancies with which my reason had no sympathy, and the indulgence of which I regarded as injurious to the normal functions of the brain.

When thus, sometimes with a chilling sentence, sometimes with a half-sarcastic laugh, I would repress outpourings frank and musical as the songs of a forest bird, she would look at me with a kind of plaintive sorrow—often sigh and shiver as she turned away. Only in these modes did she show displeasure; otherwise ever sweet and docile, and ever, if, seeing that I had pained her, I asked forgiveness, humbling herself rather to ask mine, and brightening our

reconciliation with her angel smile. As yet I had not dared to speak of love; as yet I gazed on her as the captive gazes on the flowers and the stars through the gratings of his cell, murmuring to himself, "When shall the doors unclose?"

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

I HAVE spent no small part of a long life among the Russians in active business of divers kinds, by which I have been brought into close contact with men of all grades throughout the whole empire.

In Russia there are seasons when, and regions where, the mere act of travelling is an adventure of some peril. For example, last winter was in Russia as in England memorable for frost; but the winter before that, was memorable for snow. In several parts of Russia, the beginning of March, eighteen 'sixty, brought a succession of snow-storms, the most violent that had been experienced for more than fifty years. It was my unlucky fate to be compelled to travel at that time, three hundred versts, or not quite two hundred miles (a verst being about three-fifths of a mile), over a portion of the country which had been most heavily visited. And I began my journey only one day after the first great violence of the storms had subsided.

FAMISHING WOLVES.

I had been living for some months in a town on the Volga, in the centre of European Russia, forty versts from Jaroslav, the government county town. To reach that town I must traverse a wild and uninhabited track, where there were only two small hamlets, at one of which the twenty-verst post-station was to be found, if not buried in snow. My team of three horses, commonly called in Russia "a troika," had been carefully selected from the various stabling establishments in the place: the cost for driver and horses to be three and a half roubles (or about half a guinea, the rouble of a hundred copecks being worth a halfpenny or two more than three shillings), which was no great price for such a journey in such weather. Two wolves had been killed in our principal street within a week. One, I had shot in my own court-yard the day before we started, and many reports were current of their hunger and unusual boldness. It was even said that a small village, about thirty versts distant, had been attacked by them in force. These facts and stories made me careful about requisite defences. My six-barrel travelling companion was carefully loaded, and placed in my belt ready for use; a magnificent nine-inch bear-knife in a sheath, and a formidable black-thorn cudgel heavily weighted at the handle, belonged also to my armament. The brandy-flask, bag of provisions, bottle of water, matches, cigars, and portmanteau, having been stowed away, I was about to step into the open sledge, when a Russian neighbour came up and asked leave to join in the journey to Jaroslav. My neigh-

bour, though a gentleman for whom I had much respect, was the last man I should have chosen as a travelling companion in a narrow sledge, for he weighed over twenty stone, had great difficulty in breathing, and, when once he was seated, almost required horse-power to get him up again. He was a phlegmatic, lazy, good-natured, monosyllabic, cigaret-smoking monster who was not to be refused; so, his request granted, he rolled in on the right side and filled three parts of the sledge. My Russian house servants crossed themselves, whereby they meant "God give you a safe journey." The members of my own family cried, "Good-by, God bless you!" and the driver having gathered up the rope reins, I jumped in, and with a noo-noo to the cattle, off we went dead against a blinding drift.

Fat-sides having observed my weapons, grunted in his own Russian, of which he made the least possible use, "Pistolet. Wolves. Shoot. Good."

"Have you any weapons?" I asked.

"No."

"Well; take this bear-knife."

"Good," he said again, and relapsed into his corner.

Daylight came struggling through the heavy morning clouds, and disclosed a cheerless waste of ridges and valleys of snow. The trees which at wide intervals indicated the route, did not save us from often plunging into great pits of soft snow, the moment our driver turned but a few feet from the track. This took place so frequently, and gave us so much trouble in digging ourselves out, that it was noon before we had made sixteen versts—hardly ten miles—having been six hours on the way.

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood dancing through my veins, by the alarming cry of "Volka! Volka!"—"Wolves! Wolves!" I sprang from my seat, and, looking ahead, saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at the distance of about a hundred yards, or less. Our horses had huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. We shouted and bawled, but the wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathering a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into the form of a ball, and handed it to me, saying, "Match." I understood him at once. The driver managed, by awful lashing and noo-nooing, to get the horses on, until we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and just as it began to blaze out well, I threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off slowly at right angles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, with a lightened heart; "we are safe this time, thank God!"

"Wait. Look back," said Fat-sides.

I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other again in the centre track, pausing, as

if to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might, to urge them on to the station, then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily, the road or track, as far as we could see, was free from drift, and our hope was that we could gain the station before the wolves, should they pursue us. Looking back just as we turned a bend in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless in a large pack. Six was no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was now no doubt about that. Hunger through a long and severe winter must have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death-struggle, I prepared for the result. My thoughts went for one moment to my wife and children; for another, to the Great Disposer of events. Then, throwing off my sheepskin coat, so as not to impede the free action of my arms and legs, I sprang on the front seat beside the driver, but with my back to the horses, and my face to the enemy. I said to the driver, "They are coming, brother; drive fast, but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat, but drive right in the centre of the track." My fat companion sat still in his corner, and neither moved nor spoke; but I saw the blade of my bear-knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time, the wolves ran beside the sledge, the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift, we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next him. The pistol was within a foot and a half of his head when I fired, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it, with a "Bravo!" The second wolf received my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone, for he dropped behind instantly. "Bravo!" was again cried from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of our greatest peril. My pistol fell into the sledge, as, with a sudden jolt, our horses floundered up to their bellies in a deep drift; then they came to a dead stop, and there was a wolf at each side of the sledge, attempting to get in.

My bludgeon still remained. With both hands I raised it high and brought it down with the desperate force of a man in mortal extremity, upon the head of the wolf on my side. He tumbled over on his back, and the skull was afterwards found to have been completely smashed. As I stooped to regain my pistol, I was astonished to see my companion coolly thrust one of his arms into the wolf's mouth, and as coolly, with the disengaged hand, drawing the knife, with a deep and sharp cut, across his throat. A peculiar cry among the horses arrested my attention. Looking round, I saw another wolf actually fastened on the off-horse by the neck. The driver was between me and

the wolf. He cried, "Give me the pistol!" I did so, and the poor horse was free. So, also, were we; for the other wolf ran off, followed by the one with the broken leg. The wolf last shot, was tumbling among the snow. The driver handed me the pistol to put right, and begged another shot at the brute. This finished the engagement.

I cannot tell how I felt. I could scarcely realise our great deliverance. The driver secured the carcasses to the sledge, and when we reached the station I was completely exhausted from the reaction of the strong excitement. My friend of the twenty stone chuckled much at his own trick upon the wolf he had killed. Instead of putting his arm into the animal's open mouth, as I supposed, he had stuffed into it the loose sleeves of his great sheepskin coat, thereby getting plenty of time to cut the monster's throat. His own arm was untouched. But the poor horse's neck and shoulder were much torn.

After consuming an enormous quantity of tea, and part of our provisions, we left the station, and, without meeting more adventures, except several diggings-out, arrived at Jaroslav at eight o'clock: having accomplished about thirty miles in thirteen hours. Next morning we found ourselves popular characters in the town. The driver's tongue had not been idle. My revolver underwent many an examination. The government or local reward for a dead wolf is three roubles, which we claimed and received for three. So the wolves, instead of killing us, paid our travelling expenses. The fourth animal I caused to be skinned, for preservation as a remembrance of the greatest peril I was ever in.

IN A RUSSIAN POLICE-OFFICE.

Jaroslav is the name of a large gobernie, or government. Russia is divided into such districts, the principal town of each being generally named after the district, and containing the whole machinery of local government—a governor-general, with soldiers, police, barracks, government offices, and officials of all sorts, who obtain their rank from, and obey the orders of, the supreme imperial power in St. Petersburg. I am not writing the history or geography of Russia, but am only recalling personal experiences and adventures, and therefore, having said so much, I go on with my story.

As this trip was made before the new law regarding foreigners' passports, which now enables them to travel for an entire year with one passport all over the empire, I was obliged to go before the governor-general for permission in continuing my journey to leave the government of Jaroslav. What is gained by the new passport system one may judge from what had to be endured before its time. I call at the offices entitled "Gubernator's Kansileery." The door-keeper tells me I must wait till to-morrow. Twenty kopecks, however, induce him to conduct me to the right clerk. This clerk looks over my old passport, and, for "a consideration," makes out a petition, praying the governor to give me a new one to go to St. Petersburg, by

way of Moscow; for another "consideration" he makes out the new passport itself, for which I pay the legal sum of two roubles. I am then told to go to the governor's own house, in a distant part of the town, to get his signature. When I get there I am told that it cannot be done without a certificate from the chief of the police that I am quite clear on his books. By this time it is near four o'clock, and I am too late. A day is lost.

Next day, at ten, I am at the police-office, and, among a crowd of people of all sorts, am obliged to wait till two before the chief makes his appearance. In the mean time, I have coaxed a secretary with another consideration to make out the certificate on the back of my old passport, that there may be no delay when he does come.

Well aware, as I was, of the practically irresponsible position held, and the almost unlimited power exercised, by officials of this kind at such a distance from head-quarters, still I was scarcely prepared for the experience I acquired during a patient waiting of four hours for this official. I had been, as usual, asking questions, and moving about from one part of the large room to another. There were no mere spectators present. That all had business, was fully manifested by the enormously large papers each held in hand. These papers contained their various cases, as they were to be submitted to the chief of the police, and as they had been written out by the under functionaries of the police establishment for a consideration, duly or unduly proportioned to the nature of the cases and the demands of the officials. Accommodation in an inner room was offered to me, but declined; for I wanted to know more of a Russian police-court.

"What are you wanting here, brother?" I said to a decent-looking man.

"You are an Englishman. I will tell you. You see that man in the blue caftan?"

"Yes."

"Well, my brother and I caught him stealing from my premises six months ago. He had two horses with him for carting my goods off, and, as we caught him in the act, we gave him and the horses up to the police."

"Well," I said, "that is a plain case easily settled."

"God help me! I thought so too. But you see they have been sending for my brother and me, on one pretence or another, from our village, fifteen versts away, every week for six months, writing papers, and giving evidence, until I have cause to believe that the affair itself must have been a dream. I am so tired out, I cannot go on telling the truth any longer. Besides, it's of no use. Last week my brother saw the very same two horses in the police master's carriage."

"Ah! I see; the thief is free at the cost of two good horses. And what do you do now? That paper is—"

"A statement that the whole thing must have been a dream and delusion on the part of my brother and myself, and that we have nobody to

accuse. I wish we were quit of the business." And he crossed himself.

"Why do you cry, my dear mother, and what is your petition about?" I said to a poor woman.

"Oh, my lord, I have been cheated. I am a widow; my husband died three months ago. He bought the little house and garden twelve months before that, and paid two hundred roubles—all the money except twenty roubles. The police master signed the deed of sale for it, but has forgotten all about it. The man that sold the place denies the selling and the paying. I and my children are turned out, and this is the fourth petition I have presented. I have no money to give his excellency, to make him remember."

Poor woman! The only appeal from official rapacity is to the emperor; his ears are, indeed, never shut to the lowliest of his subjects; but how can a poor woman tramp six hundred miles of Russian road to sue for justice?

Wandering among these confused but silent groups, I was heartily glad to be an Englishman.

An old grey-haired, long-bearded peasant, with a head like an apostle, attracted my attention.

"Good father, why are you here? What is that paper in your hand?"

"My son has been misbehaving and rebellious to me, his father, and I am come to get him whipped by the police."

"Is your son young, then?"

"He has seen thirty-four summers."

"How can you think of whipping a man of that age?"

"Well, you see, before he left me for St. Petersburg, nine years ago, he was, and had always been, a good and respectful son. But he has learnt bad manners amongst the fine folks. He drinks, sir; puts on fine airs; sets himself up against my authority; and is corrupting the rest of my children. I must get him whipped, for, while I live, I will be father of my own house."

Suddenly there was a bustle and stir. The waiting claimants for justice, with a score of prisoners under arrest, arranged themselves in rows all round the room, and I had time to ensconce myself behind a large and greasy merchant, when in came the long-looked-for chief of the police—judge, jury, law, and emperor in one. He was a colonel, dressed in full regimentals, a man who seemed to be naturally bold, shrewd, and intelligent; but his nose was scarlet, his face blotched, and he reeled rather than walked. Doing his best to stand erect, he scowled upon the assembled mob, all of whom, except myself, stood bending and bowing before him.

He took paper after paper; glanced at and partially read some of them; gave his signature to contracts; passed, as the papers were read, sentence on each with marvellous rapidity; tossed some on the table, and ordered those who presented them, under arrest; sent ten to be whipped—among the rest the old man's son; and before I was aware, so absorbed was I in observation of this swift torrent of jus-

tice, I found myself almost alone with his excellency, his eye resting on me for the first time.

"Ah!" he said, his tone and manner changing on the instant, "you are an Englishman, I perceive. What may your pleasure be?"

"Simply to beg that you will sign this certificate of good character, which I have here under your jurisdiction."

"It shall be done instantly; sorry to keep you waiting. You see how I am tormented by these *canaille*. Pray excuse me. A safe journey. Adieu."

He thrust me out, and I am driven to the governor-general's, to get his signature to my new passport. The governor-general has gone to dine. Another day is to be lost. The hour of the diligence for Moscow for starting every morning is eight. The governor's office does not open until ten, so that the next day is also to be lost unless I choose to hire post, which would be a desperate proceeding in such weather. The signature is obtained, however, by the aid of a consideration to the clerk, the day passes heavily away, and next morning I start for Moscow, distant two hundred and sixty-three versts, in a public diligence, in company with four Russians and a German.

THROUGH SNOW, BY DILIGENCE, TO MOSCOW.

In ordinary weather the road to Moscow from Jaroslav is one of the best and busiest in the empire. In both summer and winter it can be travelled over, in twenty-eight or thirty hours. There are post stations every sixteen or twenty versts, where horses are changed, and a fresh driver is put on to every fresh team. These drivers are the most reckless and determined whips I have seen. No weather scares them, no obstacles stop them; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would put every man and boy of them in jail. The knout or whip is used without mercy; the men take especial delight in beginning at the top of a steep hill a fierce gallop, that grows to racing speed as they get near the bottom, so that the cattle and passengers find themselves up the next acclivity before the momentum is lost. They don't know the meaning of patent drag, but drive determinedly on at full stretch to the end of the station. The Russians cross themselves when a start is made, lie back in the most convenient manner possible, and, amid jolting, bumping, cries, and lashing, go to sleep as composedly as if they were in a railway carriage. Wheels will come off, poles break, and other casualties occur. But as spare ropes, hammer, axe, nails, and even spare wheels, are always carried, a break-down seldom causes a delay of ten minutes. This is summer travelling: the vehicle used being a "tarantas," a large double calèche without seats, placed on and tied to the centre of horizontal poles, for springs of the best steel would snap like glass. Passengers make seats of their luggage, and with straw and pillows save their joints from dislocation. Winter, however, brings other contrivances. The universal travelling "kibitka" is got out. This is a nearly

square frame of wood covered with canvas, having a door on each side. The covered frame, which resembles a large box, is fixed on a low strong sledge. Primitive birch shafts are fastened to the front, the horses are put in, and the turn-out is perfect. Without the cattle it may cost two or three pounds, because it is all covered in. This is a luxurious winter equipage compared to the open sledge.

It was in a kibitka, dignified by the name of diligence, that we started at eight o'clock A.M. from Jaroslav. We had no sooner cleared the town than our difficulties commenced, not to terminate for seven following days and nights. For three days since the great storm little snow had fallen, but there was a blinding wind lifting into clouds the snow already on the ground, and building it into mountain ridges right in our track. The smooth broad macadamised road was a myth, buried here six, or there ten, feet deep, and in case of ridges or wind sweeps, thirty feet. Traffic was nevertheless going on: indeed, had been going on during the whole time of the storm. A snow-storm, however fierce, never deters the Russians from a journey. For this reason a single track was commonly available, but that track was by no means a level or smooth one; it worked like Toby Tossopot's, "with sinusities along," not only transversely but vertically, in a continued succession of ups and downs, from six to ten feet in depth, so that the horses' heads were generally in the hollow. When the "kibitka" was on the crest of the snow wave, we soon found that our team of three good horses was totally unable to pull us over these dreadful "yamas." In many cases the six passengers got out to help the cattle, and even then it took a good pull all together to accomplish it. To save this labour, three additional horses were added at the first small village at our own expense, and then we got on rather better. It would be tedious to enumerate how many times we were overturned and had to dig ourselves out of the soft snow. Many vehicles of like construction to ours were struggling on under the same difficulties, to or from Moscow. At nine P.M. one of our horses gave up, died, and, having been cut out of his traces, was left to the wolves. At eleven o'clock, another burst a blood-vessel, and shared his fate. A third gave up within a mile of the town at which we intended to recruit, and finally we had to get out and walk to a place of refuge, leaving the three remaining animals to pull the empty carriage after us. We had, in sixteen hours, with three separate teams of fresh horses, accomplished the distance of forty-five versts: our pace being little better than two miles an hour.

The town we had entered is called Rostov, and had been, for the two previous weeks, the scene of an immense fair, second only to the great Nishni Novgorod fair held in August. It was nearly over when we reached the town. Had we come two days sooner, there would have been great difficulty in finding shelter; as it was, it was one o'clock in the morning before we got under cover in a large *traktera*, or inn,

densely crowded with buyers and sellers from the fair: a place steaming with all manner of odours. Wearied and worn out, and almost shaken to pieces, we were all glad to be huddled into a room twelve feet by fifteen, where, after drinking an enormous quantity of tea, and eating a cutlet, or an imitation of a cutlet in gutta percha, my companions went to bed on the floor. I, desiring better quarters, sought out the stables, where, rolled in my shirt and covered with hay—procured for a consideration—I passed four or five hours in a sound sleep.

A Russian hotel in the interior is the most filthy of all filthy places, for, as the floors are never washed, the mud and filth accumulate to an inch and a half in thickness, the walls are black and fetid, tarakans—a horrible sort of large brown beetle—crawl in myriads over everything, invading even the dishes out of which the traveller eats and drinks, and the dirty deal tables are covered constantly with a dirty linen cloth. The public rooms, generally lofty and spacious, are constantly filled with the offensive odour of the native tobacco. The waiters are all men dressed in print trousers and shirts, the trousers stuffed into long boots and the shirts hanging outside the trousers: a parti-coloured band or scarf round the waist completing the costume. Their hair, like that of all the peasants, is worn long, cut straight round the neck, and parted in front like a woman's, while the beard is neither cut nor trimmed.

Most of the Russian merchants do all their bargaining in the inns, and, while doing business, swallow fabulous quantities of tea at a sitting. It is drunk in glass tumblers, and the sugar is taken, not in the tea, but with it—nibbled at, to sweeten the mouth before every gulp. No milk is used. The brass urn, or "samovar," contains the supply of hot water, which is kept boiling by inserting burning charcoal in the centre tube. Travellers may carry their own tea, sugar, and bread, and by paying ten or twenty kopecks will at any station or inn get the use of an urn. The hot water being brought to the carriage-door in summer, many travellers never enter one of these places, but sleep, eat, and travel in their conveyances for weeks.

Next morning we started at six o'clock with five horses, but had soon to add a sixth. This day was like the day before it, except that we killed no horses. As daylight vanished, we determined to push on during the night; but at eleven o'clock we lost the track in the dark, and stuck fast in a mountain ridge of snow. After an hour spent in fruitless efforts at extrication, three of us set out in search of assistance. To our astonishment we presently discovered by "the smoke that so gracefully curled" from several points at once, that we were wrecked in the midst of a straggling snow-covered village. A kind peasant gave us admittance, and sent help to our half-frozen companions. This day we made about thirty-two miles in seventeen hours. As I had slept with the horses on the previous night, so this evening the cow gave me a part of her bed.

We had passed six dead horses, some of them partially devoured, and four overturned conveyances, embedded in deep snow, beyond recovery until the spring. Where the passengers were, I know not. My companions said, "God knows," and crossed themselves. All along the track we had seen evidences of distress: wrecks of sledges, horses up to their necks in drift, men digging them out. But just before starting the next morning we saw the most horrible sight of all. Opposite the hut of our poor entertainer there had been men digging, to get into a house entirely buried in snow, and they had succeeded in rescuing a family that had been four days buried. This family was none the worse for its mishap; but the diggers had come on a sledge with its horse, driver, and two women frozen to death, and buried in the drift. They had got fast, and had perished without help in the midst of a village. Caught in the greatest fury of the storm, they had not known their whereabouts, nor had their cries been heard. Three months after this, and when the snows disappeared, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred corpses were found, all of whom had met their death in this fearful storm upon the Moscow road alone. So I have been told, and fully believe.

SALMON BREEDING.

At a beautiful spot on the river Tay, not far from a place celebrated in Scottish history—the Palace of Scone—there is now being carried on a remarkable series of experiments, having for their object the multiplication of salmon. Salmon is so valuable as to be a source of considerable revenue to many of the landed proprietors. Its value, in fact, has been its ruin; costing nothing for seed, grown to maturity at almost no charge, and being then of even greater value than a good Southdown sheep, the greed of those who traffic in it as an article of commerce has led to gross over-fishing; the result is, that the great rivers of England are salmonless, while the rivers of Scotland and the sister kingdom are being rapidly depopulated. Hence the necessity for resorting to pisciculture, or artificial fish-breeding. Salmon ponds were constructed on the Tay as a commercial speculation, to afford protection to the incubating eggs and the young fish when hatched. Good service to science has also been done at the ponds, by aiding in the solution of a problem which long served our naturalists as a theme of contention.

An excellent group of ponds have been excavated at Stormontfield, and it may be hinted to those interested in such matters that the drive out to the salmon ponds on a fine breezy day is delightful, and that the particular part of the river Tay on which they have been placed is exceedingly picturesque, while ruddy Peter Marshall, the genius of the place, is an adept in the art of pisciculture, and eager to communicate information and show his skill.

The experiments in fish-breeding were commenced at Stormontfield in November, 1853,

the plan having been sanctioned and the expense provided for by the proprietors of the river. The initiatory process was entrusted to Mr. Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe. This gentleman is an expert in the art, and before the trial at Stormontfield, had practised it for some time, very successfully, at the salmon fisheries of Oughterard, in Galway. The pond having been properly constructed and an equable supply of filtered water provided from a mill-race which runs parallel to the river, the breeding-boxes were laid down in rows, carefully filled with gravel, and of capacity to contain three hundred thousand eggs. The "redds" having been searched and a few female fish, with the roe perfectly ripened, having been caught, they were gently pressed until the eggs fell into a tub of clean river water. Having been rinsed so as to cleanse them, fresh water was added, and the milt poured over them direct from the male salmon. In a brief moment the mysterious vivifying principle was seen to change the aspect of the roe, which was then sown upon the gravel of the breeding-boxes, the parent fish being returned to the river unharmed, but carefully marked: by which means it is known that the same fish has been twice taken for the same purpose. A great many females are required in order to obtain the necessary number of eggs; but the milt of two or three males is sufficient to spawn the whole of the ova. It has been determined by these experiments that the male salmon in the river are more plentiful than the females: the proportion, according to Peter Marshall, being three to one.

After being deposited, the eggs were carefully watched all the winter by their faithful guardian, and it at once became apparent that the first year's experiment would be a highly successful one, for the eggs remained in a healthy condition, and advanced favourably towards the ripening point. The progress of the first hatching in the pond was keenly watched from day to day, and the various changes of the eggs noted down, so that the gradual transformation of the roe into a fish took place before the eyes of those interested.

Immediately on the contact of the two bodies of roe and milt, instantaneous change takes place in the colour of the eggs—it brightens and becomes florid, having previously been dull and opaque. About the twentieth day, a bright spot is seen in the shell, which continues to increase in brilliancy for about a month. On the forty-eighth day, the future salmon may be distinctly traced in the shape of a tiny thread. In other fifteen days the eyes will be observed—two bright black spots. The daily progress of the fish is now marked, and it can be seen to increase from day to day. On the ninetieth day the head is apparent. When a hundred days have passed, the shape of the fish begins to be distinguished. The tiny animal now becomes restive, and the yolk is seen drawn up into a bag of conical shape firmly attached to the fish. The restlessness of the fry soon leads to the breaking of the fragile prison, the efforts of the

coiled-up animal to straighten itself causes the shell to burst, and lo! a fish!

The time which the egg requires to ripen and become salmon has been definitively settled by these experiments. The first egg of the first season's hatching was observed to burst on the 31st of March, and from that date to the end of May the remainder of the eggs rapidly came to life. It appears from the pond experiments, that from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty days are required for the coming to life of the eggs; but, in places affording better shelter, the roe has been known to ripen in half that period. No person has ever known it to be hatched in so short a space as forty-eight hours, although a denizen of Billingsgate stated two days and two nights as the time required by nature for that important process. According to the data of this authority, a salmon might be born, and might be eaten, a prime fish of five or six pounds weight, within a year.

The young fry as they come to life flounder about in the breeding boxes with unwieldy bags of yolk attached; but they are speedily carried by the strength of the current which flows over the boxes into the little canal, which ultimately conducts them into a reception pond, where they are fed on boiled liver till they are ready for their migration seaward.

It is well known that fishes are the most fecund of all the inhabitants of the animal kingdom. Herring, cod, and flounders, yield their eggs by tens of thousands. The female salmon yields a thousand eggs for every pound she weighs; and were the whole of them to arrive at maturity, there would be no scarcity of this fine fish, though the demand were treble what it now is. But the enormous fecundity of fishes is in a manner neutralised by the waste incidental to their habits of life. The eggs are left to perish or ripen as the state of the weather may determine. They may be carried away and wasted by some sudden winter flood; they may be gobbled up by the water-fowl (as Thames salmon spawn is devoured by Thames swans); or be preyed upon by the pike and the trout; or the shallow in which they have been laid, may dry up and the eggs be withered by the sun. The infant fish are killed by thousands, both from accident and design; and few of the myriads of salmon eggs that are laid in the stream, ever come to life. Of the fish which are hatched, it would be a liberal calculation to allow that ten in every hundred come to table as full grown salmon.

The anomaly of growth which admits of one-half of the number of salmon hatched in any given year assuming the smolt dress and departing for the sea, while the other moiety remain as parr a year longer, still continues to puzzle our naturalists. The dates of a particular hatching will illustrate this striking feature of natural history. The last batch of eggs manipulated at Stormontfield was placed in the boxes at the end of 1859. They came to

life in March, April, and May, 1860. They remained in the reception pond as parr till the spring of the present year, when about one-half of them, having assumed the silvery dress of the smolt, they were permitted to proceed into the river that they might reach the sea. The run-let communicating with the river Tay was called into requisition, the sluices were opened, and the fish allowed to depart. The other half of the batch, although put in the boxes and coming to life at the same period, were still in the parr state, and certain to remain so for another year, at which date their brothers and sisters will be found in the river as grilises of comely appearance, and from six to seven pounds in weight!

More than a million of pond-bred fish have now been sent into the river at Stormontfield; it is satisfactory to think with so favourable a result, in a monetary point of view, as to enhance the annual rental of the river by the handsome sum of ten per cent. Proprietors of other salmon rivers should take a lesson from what has been done in this instance.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

THE long vacation served for an excuse; but, indeed, I might have given myself a holiday, even during the busiest portion of the legal year, without detriment to my professional prospects. I was not precisely a briefless barrister, having made exactly nineteen guineas and a half (the half-guinea being due to a "motion of course") during the past twelvemonth. But I did not depend on the patronage of attorneys for my bread; my great-aunt's legacy gave me a modest independence, and I felt an anxious wish to visit America and see my brother once more. There were but two of us left out of a rather large family. I had been bred to the bar, at home, but William had chosen to push his fortunes in the New World. He had hitherto chased the fickle goddess so hotly, that the letters of his relatives rarely reached him, and that his were seldom dated twice over from the same town, or even from the same state. He had adopted the restless habits of the most migratory Yankee, whisking from Florida to Maine, speculating, mining, prospecting, land-jobbing, entering professions to abandon them half tried, and leading that Jack-of-all-trades life so dear to our Transatlantic cousins. Yet Willy made money: he never complained, never asked assistance from his few surviving kinsfolk, and his elastic spirit swam like a cork in all waters of difficulty. When last I heard of him he was junior partner in a new bank at New Orleans; he had done well enough, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit him in the healthy season. He was housed in Rochambeau-street, and could introduce me, he said, to all the celebrities of a city compared with which even Paris is tame and common-place. Autumn came, and I went. I had written twice since I had made up my mind to the voyage, but had received no reply. This, however, disturbed me little. I made no doubt that I should find my brother in

the bank parlour, safely anchored before his ledgers and cash-books. "Banking," said I to myself, "is a steady and a permanent pursuit, and I am glad that Willy has taken to so sober a mode of realising a fortune. This is very different from his Californian land-jobbing, or his Texan mule trade, or his Oregon life assurance company. He will do well now, and I shall find him at his post." I set off. I travelled by rail and steam, without the slightest adventure, to a certain well-known port on the Mississippi, where I embarked. The river-boat I selected was a fine one, the Benjamin Franklin; she had been launched but a month before, and her superb cabins retained their maiden splendour of decoration. What pretty cabins they were, lavishly adorned with mirrors, alabaster statues, costly woods, gilding, and rich carpets and curtains, a world too fine for the rough majority of the company. There were some well-bred, quiet people on board, certainly, but they formed a small minority, and seemed to shrink from notice. The bulk of the passengers were excessively wild and noisy, with beards and hair tangled and luxuriant, and dressed in garments of incongruous fashion, half dandy, half backwoodsman.

"Surely, steward," I ventured to say, "these cannot be all Southern planters. Are they filibusters, or—?"

"No, no, massa," grinned the black, very affably; "dem not Southern gentlemen, sure, nor yet Yankee notionsellers, nouter. Massa must have heard ob de great diggins at Pike's Peak, hey?"

"Pike's Peak!" repeated I, rallying my wandering recollections.

"Iss, sir, up 'mong de ole Rocky Mountains. Dere dem passengers are all going off as fast as can hurry. Pike's Peak shocking savage place, massa, not fit for Chris'en—oh dear no!"

I had heard of Pike's Peak, the reports of its immense wealth, varied by hideous tales of starvation, suffering, death, and cannibalism, among the emigrants thither.

"But those gentlemen," said I, glancing towards a group of four well-dressed, well-behaved men, "can hardly be going to Pike's Peak?"

"Which, massa?" said the affable negro. "Ah! I see; dem wid de lily-white hands and de smart cravat round him throat, and de shirt-cuff so clean and stiff, and all de bootifol rings and watch-guards. Certainly not, sir; dem never go grubbing wid pick and cradle. Dey too clobber, sure."

"Those, then, are planters?" said I, with some interest.

"Cornelius, ye darned snowball, get me a julep!" bawled a fierce adventurer from among the diggers.

"Coming, sir!" answered the steward, swishing his napkin, and then answered my query with, "He! he! he! Massa make comical mistake. Dem are sportsmen."

"But how—why?" I began, when the impatient digger assured the black that he would

"draw a bead on his ugly carcase" with his revolver, unless the desired refreshment were instantly produced. Nor did Cornelius seem to regard this threat as a mere flower of speech, for he hurried off, muttering between his teeth, but outwardly obedient.

I was left alone. Not for long, however. One of the gentlemen who had attracted my observation very civilly came forward, and invited me, as a stranger and an Englishman, to take a seat at their table.

"We may be able," said the American, "to afford you some reliable information respecting the productions and noteworthy points of the country we are skirting, and I need scarcely say that to assist a traveller in forming a correct estimate of the South will be a pleasant task to us all."

Very civil this. I willingly complied, and met with a genial welcome. Two of the party were fine-looking men, of an appearance eminently prepossessing, and seemed to combine keen intelligence with the bland suavity of citizens of the world. The others were much younger, and had rather a haggard aspect, but their dress was faultless—at least, from an American point of view—and their display of jewellery and spotless linen was equal to that of their elder companions. "Well!" thought I, "if all American sportsmen are as elegant in dress and deportment, it is plain that, in the New World at least, out-door amusements have a tendency to refine instead of brutalise." And I thought with a contemptuous pity of British fox-hunters, and still more of British turflites, as I surveyed these dandy Nimrods of the West. Still, I am bound to say that not one word of sport did I hear. On the contrary, my new friends conversed on politics, commerce, the cotton crop, the snags and sawyers of the river, the last revival, the last explosion, and the difference between New York and London.

"You seem to know New Orleans well, gentlemen," said I, after listening to two or three anecdotes, the scene of which was invariably laid in the metropolis of the Western Delta.

"No place like it!" cried one of the younger men, with a sort of enthusiasm; "it's right down, thorough going, and slick through, the cream of all creation. Life goes faster there than in other places."

"So I have heard," said I, with a smile, but rather diffidently; "life, I understand, goes a good deal more abruptly than is pleasant. In duels I mean," added I, seeing that I was not understood.

"Sir," said another of the party, "you have been misinformed. Not that I insinuate that our free citizens will tamely brook affront. No, sir! But there is great exaggeration prevalent on the score of duels and fatal affrays, pretended to be of continual occurrence down South. We have chivalry, sir, we have fire, but we air not the monsters we air depicted."

I told him I had always understood that the state of Mississippi in especial was renowned for

its lawless condition, and for the slight value set on human life by its inhabitants. The four gentlemen shook their heads with one accord.

"These air slanders," said one of the seniors of the party, whose name I understood to be Alphonso P. C. Jones—"these air slanders, I give you my sacred word of honour. We live, it is true, in a land where the blushing bloom of Eden has not yet wholly faded away; in a land where the luxuriant beauty of airth sometimes attracts the spoiler and the rowdy, and occasional difficulties will happen. But peace is our idol, and the olive-branch—"

Here some confusion was caused to the orator by the trifling circumstance of his bowie-knife tumbling from its concealment somewhere in the roll-collar of his waistcoat, and coming with a bang on the mahogany table. He turned very red, and was shuffling the unwelcome implement away, when I stretched out my hand, saying, "Would you allow me to look at it? I have often wished to inspect a bowie-knife."

Mr. Alphonso P. C. Jones solemnly handed over the weapon in its shagreen sheath, and I looked with great interest at the sharp and heavy blade, the strong cross-bar to increase the purchase in close conflict, and the silver mountings of haft and scabbard. Meanwhile, Mr. Jones muttered something about the necessity of self-preservation, and the number of Irish and Germans about.

"You must often have found this sort of thing useful in your mode of life," said I, poisoning the heavy dagger as I gave it back.

"What way of life? What might you mean?"

Such were the questions rather fiercely propounded, and every brow was overcast. But I had spoken in perfect innocence; and when I went on to talk about buffalo-chases and bear-hunts, and the rough forest sports of America, the frowns relaxed, and my new acquaintances gave me a good deal of surprising information on the subject of woodcraft. Suddenly my eye lit upon a remarkable object. This was no other than the face of Cornelius, the black steward, now expressing, with its rolling eyes and open mouth, as much astonishment as the face of a negro can convey. He was gaping and glaring, first at me, and then at my companions, quite oblivious of the tray and napkin he carried. I jumped up:

"What on earth is the matter, steward?" said I.

The black drew me aside: "Me tell massa no lie! When Britisher ask if me sabe you gentlemen wid lily-white hands and plenty gold rings—me say, sportsmen. Den Cornelius come back, and find massa sit down along wid dem, as tick as thieves."

"And why not?" asked I, in bewilderment. "What possible objection could I have to their company? Or, indeed, what better company could I expect to meet with than those gentlemen who, by your own account—"

"Curm hyar, you black-faced chatterbox!" thundered a voice from the pantry, the voice of the captain himself. "How's dinner to be true

to time, if you stand preachin' there? Free nigger or not, I'll cowhide you."

Off flew Cornelius, and I returned to my seat, puzzled, but pleased with my new friends. A few more spirit-stirring tales of the prairie and the forest, and then a game of cards was proposed, and a couple of packs seemed to appear, as if by magic, on the table. But Alphonso P. C. Jones would not play, nor would he agree to any game, excepting for merely nominal stakes, quarter-dollar points, or the like. I have never felt any taste for gambling, but I play a steady rubber at home, and I had no objection to make a fourth in a quiet way, the stakes being so small, and the other gentlemen being so disappointed at Mr. Jones's firm refusal. But scarcely had the second deal taken place before Captain Pell himself appeared, and marched with a stern countenance straight up to our table, on which he placed his clenched hand.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but, as commander of this vessel, I am obligated to say, shut up!"

Mr. Jones remonstrated in a mild but dignified manner. "Surely, captain, we are as harmlessly employed as the chess-players yonder, or as those enthusiasts who make such a tarnation clatter with the dominoes. I was not aware that your rules——"

"Then, sir, you had oughter! 'Tis printed up yonder in black and white, plain to read as a child's hornbook. Cyards air pro-hibited aboard any of our owner's bits o' hollow timber. So, I say, gentlemen, shut up, or go ashore!"

There was no more card-playing, but I could not help sympathising with my new acquaintances in their suppressed indignation at this arbitrary interference with our recreations.

We were running fast down stream, and the brown levees, or artificial embankments, of the Mississippi shore were visible on the left bank, while above them nodded the green crests of tall trees, not yet laid low by the woodman's axe.

"If you will do us the favour," said Alphonso P. C. Jones, after a little whispering conversation with his three friends, "to become our guest for a few days, it will please us much, and honour us excessively. We disembark at Grand Gulf, where the boat will stop some three hours hence, and where my residence is located. We can offer you but bachelor accommodation, sir, combined with duck-shooting, but if you air not too proud——"

What could I do but accept so frank and well-meant an invitation? It was settled that I should for a short time become the guest of my fellow-travellers. And now the metallic summons to dinner was heard, and then succeeded the usual crushing, elbowing, and pushing for places. I was swept away by the crowd, and found myself seated at the table at a considerable distance from my new friends. On my left was a rosy clerical gentleman, an episcopal bishop, I believe; and on my right sat a rather prepossessing lady of literary tastes, Mrs. Governor Gunn. Mrs.

Governor Gunn had a husband somewhere about the ship: a small grey-haired gentleman with excessively sore eyes, and who had been governor of some outlying state—Wisconsin, Florida, or Missouri—but had retired on account of bad health. The consort of this puny dignitary was certainly the principal personage on board, the queen of fashion and arbitress of taste, and she had been pleased to converse with me in a gracious and regal manner during the early part of the voyage. Now, however, the springs of Mrs. Governor Gunn's affability were frozen. She answered my remarks with icy monosyllables, frowned at me, rustled her ribbons at me, and gave me the cold shoulder. I was at a loss to know how I had given offence, but when I attributed this hostile behaviour to feminine caprice, and turned to the bishop, the bishop was just as bad. He became redder of visage and huskier of speech, lost his bland smile, and was no longer interested in my comments on the voluntary principle, or desirous of information respecting the British hierarchy. It was very odd. What had I done? I was obliged to confine my attention to the wild-turkey and venison-steaks, and presently the plentiful meal came to an end.

We all rose. Mrs. Governor Gunn, at the head of a bevy of flounced silks, swept off in dignified procession to the ladies' cabin, and nothing remained but to smoke and chat, to lounge and "liquor." The bishop edged away from me as soon as he could, and I was left among a knot of planters, overseers, and the like. But these yellow-faced gentlemen did not seem to eye me in a very amicable manner. There was a scowl on every face and a sneer on every lip. I felt angry and uncomfortable, but I could scarcely demand an explanation. I glanced around for my new friends. I did not see them, so I went on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi boat usually presents a lively scene of animation and stir. So it did on this occasion, but it curiously happened that whenever I joined a gossiping group, that group broke up and dispersed. I might have been one of the plague-stricken in a time of pestilence, so shunned was I, for no apparent reason. I felt puzzled and irate. I was avoided as if I had suddenly become a leper. What was the reason? Never mind! My connexion with the Benjamin Franklin was about to terminate. The boat was approaching Grand Gulf; I saw the shingled roofs and the church bellfries peeping over the tawny levee, and it was time for me to settle with the steward and to see about my baggage. I found black Cornelius as grim and sullen as a bear. He received payment and gratuity with a dry "Thank you, sir!" and did not permit his white teeth to shine upon me any more. I thought, too, there was a reproachful and somewhat resentful expression in his rolling eyes. But I had neither time nor patience to ask for an explanation. I was obliged to bustle up on deck, followed by a coloured man with my bag and portmanteau. There I found Alphonso P. C. Jones and his companions, with their

effects, ready to land at the wharf towards which we were rapidly gliding.

"Welcome, my dear sir, to Grand Gulf," said my hospitable inviter; "it is but a small city, but——"

Crack! The clear, sharp detonation of a rifle cut Mr. Jones short in his civilities, and then succeeded the bang, bang, of several fire-arms, and a clamour of voices, and then a deathly stillness. Mr. Jones looked at his friends; there was a haggard intelligence, a lurking apprehension, visible in every eye for a moment; then the usual calmness of mien came back. I heard a bystander remark, "Something amiss in Grand Gulf, I guess;" and his friend said something about "rowdies."

We went on shore. A couple of lean and shabby German emigrants, with yellow hair and sunburnt skins, were ready to load themselves with the baggage of the party; but, with the exception of these men, a couple of half-clad black children, and a yawning book-keeper, the wharf was deserted. Nor was there any stir or sign of life among the timber-built stores and taverns, the tall gaunt hotels over which waved the stars and stripes, the wooden houses that stood back from the road in their plots of garden ground. It looked a mournful place, did Grand Gulf; and I half regretted the Benjamin Franklin, as she sidled off from the landing-stage and snorted her course down stream.

Crack again! Bang again! and a hoarse roar, inarticulate and menacing as the utterance of a wild beast's wrath, broke upon our ears, and then for a minute or two the rattle of fire-arms was continuous.

"What's going forward?" asked Mr. Jones, hastily.

The nearest of the German porters grinned humbly as he replied: "It is a pad business, mein herr, put it is only a street affair. It is not about bolitics."

We were now in sight of a crowd of people, eddying wildly to and fro, who were gathered in front of a pretty house, whose smart verandah and bright paint had an air of pretension unusual in that wretched town.

"By Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed one of the young men, excitedly, pointing out the scene, "it's our boys the row is about."

"Keep cool, keep cool," answered Alphonso P. C. Jones, who was pale but collected. "Step out; push through them, but no running."

On they went, still accompanied by me, though I was completely at a loss to account for the popular fury or the turmoil. We reached the crowd, and began to elbow through them.

"Who on airth may you be?" asked one fierce-looking woodsman whom we jostled.

"More of the gang, I reckon," bawled a farmer, in homespun.

I was hanging back, but one of the party grasped my arm and urged me on, whispering, in a husky tone, "Get in-doors, stranger, if you don't want to cheat the insurance company."

We were now in the garden, the gay flowers of which the mob were trampling down in a

reckless way. I could see that the windows were open, but barricaded with logs and furniture, and that two or three gun-barrels were peeping through the chinks. We got close up to the door, and Mr. Jones knocked, uttering a peculiar sharp cry at the same moment. I looked round for our Germans with the luggage: they were not to be seen. After the lapse of a minute—the longest minute I ever spent—the door was cautiously opened, but not to its full extent. "Quick!" muttered a voice at my ear. In we went. There was a shout and a rush: the people surged up to the door, like an angry sea; but the muzzles of two revolvers were thrust into the faces of the foremost, and they fell back, and we were inside and the door was closed.

I was now, to all appearance, in a besieged place, and one of the beleaguered garrison. And yet I knew nothing of the quarrel, and had no share in it. Of all the strange spectacles this strange continent had hitherto afforded me, this was the most inexplicable. In the midst of the bustle and feverish hurly, as bolts were shot, chains linked, and bars slipped across the door again, I asked repeatedly what was the matter, but in vain: "Thank your stars, stranger, for a whole skin," was all the reply I could elicit. And then everybody went up-stairs. In a front room, prettily decorated in French taste, we found five men fashionably dressed, bejewelled, and white-handed, like my inviters. But there was a terrible confusion reigning there. The costly furniture had been piled up as a barricade before the windows, mixed with firewood, mattresses, and portmanteaus. The five occupants of the room were flushed and heated, with disordered hair, and faces already smeared with black stains of powder. An arsenal of weapons lay about; guns, swords, pistols, ball-pouches, flasks, kegs, bottles, saddles, whips, and boots, all in confusion. One of the party was binding up his arm in an awkward way, as heavy goutts of blood ran trickling down his shirt-sleeve. The two gentlemen who had admitted us came in along with us, making a total of eleven, not reckoning myself.

"Phillips, what accursed folly has brought on all this?" asked Mr. Jones, angrily.

"Keep your temper, Jones," answered the man who had been hurt; "no need to quarrel among ourselves, I guess. The Grand Gulf vagabonds will have all our scalps before sundown."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"How did it happen?"

Another of the group answered, "Oh, the old story; Phillips is so tarnation random. He polished off young Edmonds, and they got to blows a few over the card-table, and Phillips gave him a Kentucky pill, and has brought the wasps about our ears."

"Young Edmonds! Do you mean the judge's son?" asked Jones, with a long face.

"Yes," was the reply; "they've taken him into the doctor's, with breath in him yet, and if he recovers——"

"It's all U. P. with us, misters!" cried another man, gazing from the window.

We—I say we, for I was getting a terrible

to time, if you stand preachin' there? Free nigger or not, I'll cowhide you."

Off flew Cornelius, and I returned to my seat, puzzled, but pleased with my new friends. A few more spirit-stirring tales of the prairie and the forest, and then a game of cards was proposed, and a couple of packs seemed to appear, as if by magic, on the table. But Alphonso P. C. Jones would not play, nor would he agree to any game, excepting for merely nominal stakes, quarter-dollar points, or the like. I have never felt any taste for gambling, but I play a steady rubber at home, and I had no objection to make a fourth in a quiet way, the stakes being so small, and the other gentlemen being so disappointed at Mr. Jones's firm refusal. But scarcely had the second deal taken place before Captain Pell himself appeared, and marched with a stern countenance straight up to our table, on which he placed his clenched hand.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but, as commander of this vessel, I am obligated to say, shut up!"

Mr. Jones remonstrated in a mild but dignified manner. "Surely, captain, we are as harmlessly employed as the chess-players yonder, or as those enthusiasts who make such a tarnation clatter with the dominoes. I was not aware that your rules——"

"Then, sir, you had oughter! 'Tis printed up yonder in black and white, plain to read as a child's hornbook. Cyards air pro-hibited aboard any of our owner's bits o' hollow timber. So, I say, gentlemen, shut up, or go ashore!"

There was no more card-playing, but I could not help sympathising with my new acquaintances in their suppressed indignation at this arbitrary interference with our recreations.

We were running fast down stream, and the brown levées, or artificial embankments, of the Mississippi shore were visible on the left bank, while above them nodded the green crests of tall trees, not yet laid low by the woodman's axe.

"If you will do us the favour," said Alphonso P. C. Jones, after a little whispering conversation with his three friends, "to become our guest for a few days, it will please us much, and honour us excessively. We disembark at Grand Gulf, where the boat will stop some three hours hence, and where my residence is located. We can offer you but bachelor accommodation, sir, combined with duck-shooting, but if you air not too proud——"

What could I do but accept so frank and well-meant an invitation? It was settled that I should for a short time become the guest of my fellow-travellers. And now the metallic summons to dinner was heard, and then succeeded the usual crushing, elbowing, and pushing for places. I was swept away by the crowd, and found myself seated at the table at a considerable distance from my new friends. On my left was a rosy clerical gentleman, an episcopal bishop, I believe; and on my right sat a rather prepossessing lady of literary tastes, Mrs. Governor Gunn. Mrs.

Governor Gunn had a husband somewhere about the ship: a small grey-haired gentleman with excessively sore eyes, and who had been governor of some outlying state—Wisconsin, Florida, or Missouri—but had retired on account of bad health. The consort of this puny dignitary was certainly the principal personage on board, the queen of fashion and arbitress of taste, and she had been pleased to converse with me in a gracious and regal manner during the early part of the voyage. Now, however, the springs of Mrs. Governor Gunn's affability were frozen. She answered my remarks with icy monosyllables, frowned at me, rustled her ribbons at me, and gave me the cold shoulder. I was at a loss to know how I had given offence, but when I attributed this hostile behaviour to feminine caprice, and turned to the bishop, the bishop was just as bad. He became redder of visage and huskier of speech, lost his bland smile, and was no longer interested in my comments on the voluntary principle, or desirous of information respecting the British hierarchy. It was very odd. What had I done? I was obliged to confine my attention to the wild-turkey and venison-steaks, and presently the plentiful meal came to an end.

We all rose. Mrs. Governor Gunn, at the head of a bevy of flounced silks, swept off in dignified procession to the ladies' cabin, and nothing remained but to smoke and chat, to lounge and "liquor." The bishop edged away from me as soon as he could, and I was left among a knot of planters, overseers, and the like. But these yellow-faced gentlemen did not seem to eye me in a very amicable manner. There was a scowl on every face and a sneer on every lip. I felt angry and uncomfortable, but I could scarcely demand an explanation. I glanced around for my new friends. I did not see them, so I went on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi boat usually presents a lively scene of animation and stir. So it did on this occasion, but it curiously happened that whenever I joined a gossiping group, that group broke up and dispersed. I might have been one of the plague-stricken in a time of pestilence, so shunned was I, for no apparent reason. I felt puzzled and irate. I was avoided as if I had suddenly become a leper. What was the reason? Never mind! My connexion with the Benjamin Franklin was about to terminate. The boat was approaching Grand Gulf; I saw the shingled roofs and the church belfries peeping over the tawny levee, and it was time for me to settle with the steward and to see about my baggage. I found black Cornelius as grim and sullen as a bear. He received payment and gratuity with a dry "Tank you, sir!" and did not permit his white teeth to shine upon me any more. I thought, too, there was a reproachful and somewhat resentful expression in his rolling eyes. But I had neither time nor patience to ask for an explanation. I was obliged to bustle up on deck, followed by a coloured man with my bag and portmanteau. There I found Alphonso P. C. Jones and his companions, with their

effects, ready to land at the wharf towards which we were rapidly gliding.

"Welcome, my dear sir, to Grand Gulf," said my hospitable inviter; "it is but a small city, but——"

Crack! The clear, sharp detonation of a rifle cut Mr. Jones short in his civilities, and then succeeded the bang, bang, of several fire-arms, and a clamour of voices, and then a deathly stillness. Mr. Jones looked at his friends; there was a haggard intelligence, a lurking apprehension, visible in every eye for a moment; then the usual calmness of mien came back. I heard a bystander remark, "Something amiss in Grand Gulf, I guess;" and his friend said something about "rowdies."

We went on shore. A couple of lean and shabby German emigrants, with yellow hair and sunburnt skins, were ready to load themselves with the baggage of the party; but, with the exception of these men, a couple of half-clad black children, and a yawning book-keeper, the wharf was deserted. Nor was there any stir or sign of life among the timber-built stores and taverns, the tall gaunt hotels over which waved the stars and stripes, the wooden houses that stood back from the road in their plots of garden ground. It looked a mournful place, did Grand Gulf; and I half regretted the Benjamin Franklin, as she sidled off from the landing-stage and snorted her course down stream.

Crack again! Bang again! and a hoarse roar, inarticulate and menacing as the utterance of a wild beast's wrath, broke upon our ears, and then for a minute or two the rattle of fire-arms was continuous.

"What's going forward?" asked Mr. Jones, hastily.

The nearest of the German porters grinned humbly as he replied: "It is a pad business, mein herr, put it is only a street affair. It is not about bolities."

We were now in sight of a crowd of people, eddying wildly to and fro, who were gathered in front of a pretty house, whose smart verandah and bright paint had an air of pretension unusual in that wretched town.

"By Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed one of the young men, excitedly, pointing out the scene, "it's our boys the row is about."

"Keep cool, keep cool," answered Alphonso P. C. Jones, who was pale but collected. "Step out; push through them, but no running."

On they went, still accompanied by me, though I was completely at a loss to account for the popular fury or the turmoil. We reached the crowd, and began to elbow through them.

"Who on airth may you be?" asked one fierce-looking woodsman whom we jostled.

"More of the gang, I reckon," bawled a farmer, in homespun.

I was hanging back, but one of the party grasped my arm and urged me on, whispering, in a husky tone, "Get in-doors, stranger, if you don't want to cheat the insurance company."

We were now in the garden, the gay flowers of which the mob were trampling down in a

reckless way. I could see that the windows were open, but barricaded with logs and furniture, and that two or three gun-barrels were peeping through the chinks. We got close up to the door, and Mr. Jones knocked, uttering a peculiar sharp cry at the same moment. I looked round for our Germans with the luggage: they were not to be seen. After the lapse of a minute—the longest minute I ever spent—the door was cautiously opened, but not to its full extent. "Quick!" muttered a voice at my ear. In we went. There was a shout and a rush: the people surged up to the door, like an angry sea; but the muzzles of two revolvers were thrust into the faces of the foremost, and they fell back, and we were inside and the door was closed.

I was now, to all appearance, in a besieged place, and one of the beleaguered garrison. And yet I knew nothing of the quarrel, and had no share in it. Of all the strange spectacles this strange continent had hitherto afforded me, this was the most inexplicable. In the midst of the bustle and feverish hurry, as bolts were shot, chains linked, and bars slipped across the door again, I asked repeatedly what was the matter, but in vain: "Thank your stars, stranger, for a whole skin," was all the reply I could elicit. And then everybody went up-stairs. In a front room, prettily decorated in French taste, we found five men fashionably dressed, bejewelled, and white-handed, like my inviters. But there was a terrible confusion reigning there. The costly furniture had been piled up as a barricade before the windows, mixed with firewood, mattresses, and portmanteaus. The five occupants of the room were flushed and heated, with disordered hair, and faces already smeared with black stains of powder. An arsenal of weapons lay about; guns, swords, pistols, ball-pouches, flasks, kegs, bottles, saddles, whips, and boots, all in confusion. One of the party was binding up his arm in an awkward way, as heavy gouts of blood ran trickling down his shirt-sleeve. The two gentlemen who had admitted us came in along with us, making a total of eleven, not reckoning myself.

"Phillips, what accursed folly has brought on all this?" asked Mr. Jones, angrily.

"Keep your temper, Jones," answered the man who had been hurt; "no need to quarrel among ourselves, I guess. The Grand Gulf vagabonds will have all our scalps before sundown."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"How did it happen?"

Another of the group answered, "Oh, the old story; Phillips is so tarnation random. He polished off young Edmonds, and they got to blows a few over the card-table, and Phillips gave him a Kentucky pill, and has brought the wasps about our ears."

"Young Edmonds! Do you mean the judge's son?" asked Jones, with a long face.

"Yes," was the reply; "they've taken him into the doctor's, with breath in him yet, and if he recovers——"

"It's all U. P. with us, misters!" cried another man, gazing from the window.

We—I say we, for I was getting a terrible

interest in the affair—rushed forward, and saw what haunts my memory still. Carried on a door by several strong men was the dead body of a young man, quite a youth, partially wrapped in a gaudy Indian blanket. An old man, grey-haired and venerable of aspect, was weeping over the passive form, while a crowd of angry men, with clenched fists and brandished weapons, surrounded it. Meanwhile, one tall fellow, carrying on a pole, as if it were some ghastly banner, the bloody shirt of the murdered man, was haranguing a dense mass of human beings, above whose dark heads we saw the ominous glancing of ax-heads and rifle-barrels.

"See what you've brought on us, Mr. Phillips!" said Jones, bitterly; and he ground his teeth as he spoke.

"The pot and the kettle, I calculate!" answered Phillips, sulkily; "better keep your breath to try and cheat the hangman!"

There was a yell from the mob beneath: "Kill 'em! Burn the house over their heads! Forward, boys!" And twenty shots were fired, splintering the Venetian blinds and crashing into ceiling and wainscot.

"Stand to it!" cried one of the boldest of the besieged. "Blaze away, gentlemen, and we shall beat 'em yet." The speaker fired a rifle at the broad mark of the crowd; a cry of pain succeeded, and then a savage roar.

In a moment there was firing enough on both sides. The reports were deafening, doors and windows rattled again, the room was full of smoke, and the sulphurous steam of the gunpowder half choked me as I got my back against the wall in a recess between the windows, and awaited in comparative security the issue of the affray. I knew nothing of the quarrel. Trojan and Tyrian were alike to me, only I wished with all my heart that Mr. Jones had been less hospitable, or I less complying. The besieged fought hard, firing incessantly with revolver and gun, while I heard Mr. Jones encouraging them. But four were already down, wounded, on the floor; one of them mortally hurt, to judge by the blood that bubbled from his lips as he gasped for breath. I knelt beside the poor wretch, to offer such unskilful help as I could afford, when there was a crash, a whoop, and a rush, and the barricade was scaled or forced, and the citizens came pouring in, furious as a storming party. Borne down, trampled, sick, and giddy, I was dragged from the scuffle, and found myself in the street, pinioned and a prisoner. Beside me were the majority of my new acquaintances, tattered, bruised, and their faces hardly to be seen through their masks of blood and gunpowder. They were all bound and captive.

"Drag 'em forward. Up to the big oak. The court sits theer!" bawled fifty voices; and we were roughly hauled or pushed to a grassy space, where a huge solitary tree spread its branches, while under its shade stood a score of farmers and boatmen, well armed.

"Now for it!" shouted the crowd; "we've got 'em, redhanded."

Some one twitched my sleeve, and pointed to the oak, into whose boughs several men had climbed, and were busy in reaving—as I saw with horror—a rope and running noose to every branch strong enough to serve as an impromptu gallows.

"Silence for Judge Lynch!" bawled an amateur crier.

A gaunt farmer represented the redoubtable judge, and addressed the assembly.

"Fellow citizens, I'm no forked-tongued lawyer, nor yet no stump speaker, but it's easy to clap the saddle on the right hoss. We've had our hosses stole, our niggers 'ticed away, our liquor hoccussed, and our dollars spirited out of our pouches. That's bad enough, but when it kem's to blood——"

Here a roar drowned the orator's voice. Next, the crier shouted that the jury had been impanelled, and the prisoners must be put to the bar. I was thrust forward with the rest.

"Guilty, or not?" was the stern demand.

Some of them trembled very much. Jones and Phillips were calm, but it was the calm of desperation.

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Bring the farce to an end," cried Jones. "You've got us; more ass I to run back into the trap. Do your worst!"

"Are those ropes ready aloft there?" Judge Lynch called out.

"All ready, Judge," was the rejoinder.

"Then, gentlemen of the jury, your verdict."

"Guilty! All guilty!"

The wild judge exclaimed, "I kin pass but one sentence. Death. A halter apiece, and a good riddance to the city and State!"

A yell of approval broke forth; we were hustled beneath the tree, and a halter soon encircled every neck. Then I found my voice, and loudly appealed: protesting my entire innocence, and that I was a harmless traveller, an Englishman, and so forth. A peal of incredulous laughter decided my appeal.

"Britishers ain't licensed to rob and murder, ye'll larn to your cost," said an old farmer, who held me.

"Smother the hypocrite!" exclaimed a boatman.

"Did ye hear the cantin', cowardly skunk," cried another fellow.

"Can't ye take pattern by your captain, Jones there, and die like a man?"

My eyes following the man's pointed finger, I beheld the blackened face and staring eyeballs of my late acquaintance, as his struggling body dangled some yards above.

"Now for Phillips," was the cry; and I closed my eyes, not to see the wretch's execution.

"Morgan third; the Britisher fourth," announced Judge Lynch. "Up with Phillips! Haul and hold."

"Tchick!" cried somebody, with an unfeeling laugh.

"Whisht! howld your sneaking tongue, not to mock the dyin'," sternly replied some honest Patlander hard by.

"Now, Morgan!" was the next summons.

"Hyar's the deputy sheriff!" cried a voice, as a horse was heard galloping.

"What o' that?" replied another: "the sovereign people ain't to be choused out o' their revenge. Besides, Willy Hudson's a good fellow."

Willy Hudson! All the blood rushed from my head to my heart, and back again, and I tingled from head to foot. *My* name was Hudson—my brother's name was William! One glance was enough, as a sunbrowned horseman dashed into the crowd. It was Willy—the brother I had come to visit—just in time! I forgot exactly what was done and said. I only know that in about two minutes I was unbound, safe, free, arm in arm with my brother, and that the rough fellows who had been about to hang me were nearly wringing my hand off as they shook it, begging pardon for an awkward mistake. It was not only to me that Willy rendered service: I twitched his sleeve, and begged him to do what he could for the miserable men, whatever their faults, still under sentence. He pushed me into a tavern parlour, shut the door, went out, and left me. I heard shouts, laughter, groans, the applause, the mutterings of a mob. After a long time, Willy returned, wiping his face with a handkerchief, very much flushed and dishevelled.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "what a tough job! But it's done now, though my tongue aches with the talking. I did it for you, George, my boy, and, luckily, I'm in favour here. Tar and feathers, instead of hanging, and nine-and-thirty with a cowhide, well laid on, will spoil their beauty for one while. But how came you to be with them?"

"First, Willy, tell me what brought you here? I thought the bank at New Orleans—"

"Pooh!" interrupted my Americanised brother; "an old story that! It broke down, paying assets and no more. I'm here, agent for a goods insurance company. I'm doing well, and I'm deputy sheriff. Didn't you get my letter at New York? But how about your being with those rascals, of whom two have been hanged, and four shot, I hear, eh?"

"Why, they told me they were sportsmen, Willy, and—"

"You greenhorn!" said my brother, good humouredly; "were you thinking of fox-hunting or partridge popping? 'Sportsman' in America means sharper, gambler, thief, swindler, gallows-bird!"

I did not stay long at Grand Gulf.

STORY OF THE INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. I. THE DISEASE.

THE patient lay almost at the last gasp. This was not surprising, considering that the whole system had been wasting in a sort of pecuniary atrophy; that it had been bled murderously over and over again by the fiscal lancet; that a poor-rate cantharides had been applied on the raw, fresh and fresh; that a rebellious fever was work-

ing in its blood, ready to burst out upon the surface in angry pustules; and that a fierce emigration dysentery was griping its vitals. Taking this hopeful diagnosis into account, I say it was not very surprising. The ordinary medical Sangrados had done their best and their worst—had played out their consultations, stethoscopic soundings, fees, and other bits of regular show, and were now gazing with an awful respect at the two eminent metropolitan practitioners—sent for specially—who were standing by the bed. The eminent practitioners—the Sir Parker Peps of the House of Parliament, with a smaller official brother—had seen the desperate nature of the case, and were now turning up their shirt-sleeves for a frightful operation. The patient was that part of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Ireland; the eminent metropolitan surgeons were no other than the Right Honourable the Lord John Russell, M.P., with the Solicitor-General of the period; the perilous operation was the famous Incumbered Estates Act of eighteen hundred and forty-nine.

It was indeed time that something should be done. Under the questionable treatment of famines, seditions, agitations, evictions, arms bills, coercion bills, and suspensions of habeas corpus, the features of an incumbered estate, always exceptional, acquired a new and very curious interest. Where there were no tenants to pay rents, it would be unreasonable to look for rents; and where poor-rates were at the modest figure of one pound in the pound, it may be assumed that landlords were shy of assuming their real character. Under this general elimination of rents, landlords, and tenants, the situation was distressingly simplified, and to mere unimpassioned spectators presented a field for the strangest speculation. But there was a class who looked on from afar off, and to whom the question, apart from its theoretic merits, became interesting on more vulgar grounds. These were a strong band of mortgagees, principally base Saxons, representing a charge of some four millions upon a nominal rental of some twelve millions, and whose feelings, on this practical suspension of the relations between landlord and tenant, would not unnaturally be tinged with alarm. Their gratification at so pleasing a phenomenon in political economy, would be not unmixed with a foolish sense of personal apprehension. Even in the old prosaic times there had been, in most instances, a coldness, a complete estrangement, between mortgager and mortgagee; and parties had been driven to the pressure of equity suits, languishing through many decades of years, to restore anything like friendly communication. But, on this new aspect of things, there came a total suspension of all relations between these gentlemen and their friends in Ireland; and there being neither rent to pay, nor moneys to pay rent with, nor tenants to earn moneys to pay rent with, there seemed no probability of the breach being healed. This unavoidable suspension of cash payments—unprovided for by act of parliament or charter—began to excite murmurs

both loud and deep. Harpies of the law began to disturb the last agonies of the patient; they clamoured at the gate with an indecent importunity; they threatened, by sheer force of numbers, to bear down the ingenious frustration of equitable proceedings happily interposing between them and their victims; and then, and only then, were the famous metropolitan doctors sent for express.

The incumbrances had to be cut out with the knife. Looking outside the fearful visitations which had swept the country as with a human murrain, it seemed to be agreed to lay much of the evil at the private entrance of the Court of Chancery. Much vituperation was then outpoured upon that conduit-pipe of the law, then much choked, and needing scavengering sadly.

It was plain that this unhappy tribunal was to be the Aunt Sally of the period. The sticks came flying from every quarter. It was Bogie Chancery, and nurses found an appeal to its terrors useful in the treatment of children. Terrible legends went abroad of its doings: How its delight was to send forth a swarm of Burrs known as Receivers, who, when an estate became sick and weakly, proceeded to fix themselves to it inseparably, and drain away its vitals. How a greedy mortgagee, after a three years' arrear of interest or a claim of say ten pounds annually, might apply for a special insect to be sent down and receive the rents and profits of the whole estates. How the whole land became overrun with these cruel administrators, who, living in the capital, drained from their provinces huge fees and profits, and costs, and suffered heavy arrears to accumulate, and the lands and tenements to run to waste, and often disappeared, largely in default. We are told how this grew to be a lucrative profession, side by side with a broad comprehensive suit—a rich and luscious professional plum-cake. It was considered the normal condition of all estates. Each was already enjoying or tending towards this agreeable supervision.

Pleasant little narratives were in circulation, as illustrating the awful wickedness of Bogie Chancery. There was the tenant who, when mildly remonstrated with on his not improving his holding, pleaded his having had seven masters in succession, all of the rank of Receiver, within as many years; which permutation of ownership naturally entailed an uneasiness of tenure. Then came pleasant personal reminiscences from the lips of the most puissant of lawyers, the writer of the Suggestive Pandects and the Chancellor of two kingdoms. No doubt, at many a board was narrated that incident of his Irish experience, when a great foreclosure suit was setting in, and legions of barristers sprang up, one after another, each introducing himself as accredited from some party to the suit. Each as he spake flung his brief towards the amazed Chancellor. The mean Saxon mortgagee would foreclose; but, by way of overture to his equity

opera, must give notice to every judgment creditor. Hence this barristerial flux. The Right Honourable Abraham Brewster had the good fortune to be in at the final close of a little suit, which began so far back as the year seventeen hundred and ten. Other instances came under that gentleman's professional eye, enjoying a promising vitality of fifty, sixty, and seventy years. In the last century the great Lord Mansfield was induced to assume the character of an Irish mortgagee, a step which happily resulted in a thriving, healthy suit, which actually survived down to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three—a fine sexagenarian—when it unhappily met with an untimely demise. An eminent judge, who sat in his Incumbered Estates Olympus, has a little suit in his memory where, to raise a small charge of one thousand pounds, no less than fifty parties had to be "served," for "answering" purposes.

The famous Jarndyce suit was notorious in the Irish equity tribunal, long before it attracted notice across the Channel. That sort of piece was so familiar to an Hibernian audience, that they almost smiled at the horror of the British public. Taking it, then, that Irish Jarndyce, anxious to recover his moneys, is inclined to pursue the unworthy device of selling his debtor's estate, it may, perhaps, be interesting to watch his progress as he flounders slowly through the vast equity bog. There were howls of delight at Rackrent Castle when this intelligence came down; an exultation shared in yet more largely, by the solicitor to that establishment. There was a "long day," and a certain annuity for a definite period at last ensured to the estate. For unsuspecting Jarndyce the first plunge was the manufacture of "a bill," a huge, swollen bale of paper flooded with verbiage and profitable circumlocution, containing narratives in the nature of biographies of every single person who might in any shape be connected with the lands. A sort of ruck of creditors, mortgagees, tenants for life, and every variety of the incumbrancer species, was laboriously introduced. This process often took years, for it required singular pains and diligence to unearth all the parties. An omission discovered at a later stage would be fatal, and entail a new beginning. But at length, all being arranged in beautiful symmetry, and each counsel incumbered with his bale of clean snowy matter, it might be reasonably taken that all was ready to begin. Vain delusion! News has come that some one has died beyond the seas. He must be eliminated from "the bill." In another quarter, twins, whom a little diligence might have forewarned of, have appeared unexpectedly; they are fresh "parties," and must be added to "the bill."

This awful engine, being duly placed in position, it was only reasonable that fair scope and opportunity should be given for defence. The Rackrent solicitor now girds up his loins, and in easy, lazy fashion begins garnering evidence and preparing his "answer." This process, laborious, too, must be indulged with a handsome space of years. Finally, all being compact and

symmetrical, and the whole facts embodied in the two versions of the case, the huge whale came labouring into court, towing behind it all the subsidiary minnows. Equity Jove, sitting aloft with a complete version of the case before him, had only to thunder *Presto!* order for sale, money paid—*causa finita est!*

Innocent anticipation! We are barely begun. Counsel, astride on the back of his huge legal monster, addresses a few observations to great Jove aloft, who nods assent, and the labour of months and years, the stalking of "parties," the army of counsel for "parties," and the bales of snowy briefs, all culminate in the driest and purest of formalities. "Take the ordinary decree," chants Equity Jove, and the minor bewigged divinities bob down into their seats again. It is a happy thought, however, that every one is before the court now, hitherto invisible to Equity's naked eye.

Invigorated by this encouragement, and after a decent interval, we start afresh, plunging downwards into the Erebus of masters' offices. Into that grateful arena, Irish Jarndyce takes his whole apparatus of parties, notices, bulky paper bales, and wigged spirits, and gets ready for a protracted residence. The case has been referred, and an "account" has to be taken; and through many years, in those dim cells of equity, still with no unseemly hurry, wigged spirits shall square at each other over hostile figures and discordant vouchers. When at last all things are made square and taut, and Jarndyce emerges to light and air, a long interval of many months elapses, during which it is understood the "master" is making up his "report." After say a nine months' incubation, it is discovered that a monster white roll has been "laid." So then, gathering up our parties and wigged spirits, the great Jarndyce whale again comes blowing and frothing into court. Every one is furnished with clean new bales, exact copies of what had been "laid" in the equity poultry-yard, shining, dazzling bag furniture. Now we are in port, and a sale is at hand. But here are shoals, breakers, in the shape of "exceptions" to the master's report—an obstructive system of fault-finding; so we must needs back our monster out of court as best we can. By-and-by we shall come again with all our wiggery and fight the battle of exceptions. Finally, we again appear, and in a single sentence great Equity Jove breathes his soft consent to a sale.

This was that fine old fruity full-bodied Equity, of a rich nutty or knotty flavour, and fully one hundred years in bottle, which was drunk say thirty years ago in Ireland. Nor yet let our English broker hug himself for the purity of his own Chancery liquor. The system was the same with both, only through this load of Irish debt and facile multiplicity of mortgage, the evil became prominent and more conspicuous.

All this time a receiver was gorging on the rents, costs were accumulating, tenants knowing no certain master were decaying, and when the hour of sale came, only the shells of the estate remained.

With this complication of anthrax spread over the fair skin of the country, there was no choice but to submit to the operation. The neat-handed surgeons came. No grander "demonstrator" could have been selected than Sir John Romilly. The invention of this peculiar mode of treatment has been claimed for Lord St. Leonards and for Sir Robert Peel; but the idea was too obvious not to have presented itself to hundreds of unprofessional minds. It only appeared too daring and even Quixotic for practical purposes. However that might be, in the month of April, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the Solicitor-General took his scalpel in hand, and with one sharp sweeping cut introduced his—bill. And by the twenty-eighth of July of the same year, the operation was successfully performed, and the Incumbered Estates Act became law.

Not, however, without gloomy desponding and loud and despairing protest. It was piteous to hear the wail of the Irish peers, forecasting their too certain fate from afar, and pleading for territorial life—the very Girondins of the senate. They had a horrid prescience that they were marked for the earliest victims of this new guillotine. There were some whose estates, sunk beyond redemption in incumbrances, pledged and pledged again for half a million and more, lay helpless in the nets of mortgage, judgments, costs, and receivers. Yet to these noble persons, Chancery had promised an agreeable and almost affluent existence—for their lives at least; after them, the deluge might set in when it pleased. Some years after, when the executioners were weary with their bloody work, one victim, smarting under his wounds, came with frantic cries, and, striking out wildly, told his griefs to his noble friends. It was "the most disgraceful system ever since courts *had been invented!*" It was a nest of "the greatest robbery possible to imagine." It was taken advantage of by "a set of professional schemers" (euphuistic reference to solicitors), who had "myrmidons" up and down the length and breadth of the land. It was not too much to say that the whole "was a system of plunder unexampled." Alack, poor peer!

But on this earlier consultation, when the surgeons were waiting with their instruments, the same victim was raving incoherently of "robbery and confiscation." To him Lord Langdale neatly rejoined, with an affected wonder as to how such harsh terms could fit, what was a payment of just debts? A novel and unexpected, and yet at the same time disagreeable, way of putting the thing. Complaint, too, was made, that at the final stage an unhandsome advantage was taken of the absence of noble persons at their Irish estates, where they were busy trampling out the embers of an insurrection then overdue. The member for Birmingham received it with positive rapture, "a more beautiful explanation he had never heard." But there were ravens abroad of those nights, and raven notes. Mr. Newdegate prophesied

gloomy things; and snuffed from afar off "spoliation" and socialism and communism, and, above all, that morcellement, or French partition of lands into small parcels, the very quintessence of Jacobinism. Another held out that the scheme would give but a market to speculators and hucksters, and would break down. Another (Sir J. Walshe) said scornfully they might sell and sell, but who would buy? About as absurd, he added, as to put a house actually on fire up to auction.

Still the operators went forward with their work bravely; abundance of evil omen was held out to encourage them. They would never cauterise as they went along; they would never take up the arteries. The patient would sink under it. But with two millions of persons receiving relief, and a poor-rate that equalled about half the received rental of the country, and a population decreasing at the rate of half a million a year, it was no season for tisanes and water-gruel. The knife was the only remedy.

Behold, it has been done. Draw the curtains. Perfect quiet for the patient; opiates and what not. And here is Mr. Solicitor coming out from the bedroom wiping his fingers on a towel.

In a week we shall call and see how the patient is getting on.

LABORIOUS TRIFLING.

THE tulipomania which arose in Holland and the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, had such an effect on the minds of the people, that a craving to become tulip growers seized all classes. The worthy and prosperous burghers left their lucrative business to give and receive enormous sums for tulip roots, and (as they thought) to make their fortunes, which very few of them did. Enormous and almost fabulous prices were given for tulips. One man bought a tulip for 4600 florins, and a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. Talk not of early peas at a guinea a dish, or grapes at some astounding price, when you are told that in exchange for one tulip, called the Viceroy, were given the following articles: Two lasts of wheat, four lasts of rye, four fat oxen, three fat swine, twelve fat sheep, three hogsheads of wine, four tons of beer, two tons of butter, one thousand tons of cheese, a complete bed, a suit of clothes, and a silver goblet, the whole valued at 2500 florins. Another person offered twelve acres of land for one tulip root, but his offer was contemptuously refused.

In some places tulips were bought, not for the sake of their beauty, but only to be used for gambling purposes. For instance, a nobleman bought a tulip of a dealer for 1000 florins, the tulip to be delivered in six months; during those six months the value of that species of tulip must either have risen, decreased, or remained as it was; at the expiration of the six months, instead of demanding his tulip, he either paid or received the difference of price. The tulips were dignified with the most pompous names. One species was called *Semper Augustus*,

and others were called by the names of princes and admirals. They were usually sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits (a small weight less than a grain) of a tulip called Admiral Leifken, cost 4400 florins; four hundred and forty-one perits of Admiral von der Eyk, 1620 florins; one hundred and six perits of Schilder, at 1615 florins; two hundred perits of *Semper Augustus* cost 5500 florins; four hundred and ten perits of the Viceroy cost 3000 florins. One florist sold his collection of tulips by public auction; it was sold for 9000 florins. A merchant made a present of a herring to a sailor, who mistaking some roots lying near him for onions, ate them with the herring; the roots were tulip roots belonging to the merchant, who found that the sailor's breakfast had cost him an enormous sum of money. The mania extended to England and France, but only among that small part of the people who had intercourse with Holland; for at this time the Dutch customs were very much followed in England. It was about the time when Dutch gardening was the rage, when holly bushes were clipped and cut into the form of dragons, peacocks, giants, obelisks, and other hideous forms. In France it seems to have had some victims, for at Lille, a large brewery was given in exchange for one tulip root. This brewery is still called the tulip brewery. In Holland the mania rose to such a pitch that at last the government had to take the matter in hand, and forbade the sale of tulips except at reasonable prices: this measure was not taken till several families had been ruined by the absurd mania.

A favourite custom among the elegant bucks and "wits" as they were called of olden times, was to carry in their vest combs of ivory and tortoiseshell, and at theatres or public places to produce them, and commence combing their wigs. The elder Laroon painted a portrait of John Duke of Marlborough at his levee; in which the Duke is represented dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a long white wig, which he is combing, while his valet, who is stationed behind the chair, adjusts the curls after the comb has passed through them.

Dryden in his prologue to *Almanzor* and *Almahide* touches on this custom:

But as when vizard mask appears in pit,
Straight every man who thinks himself a wit,
Perks up; and *managing his comb with grace*,
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face.

Patches, or beauty spots, which were worn by ladies, were used, as we find by the *Spectator*, to denote to which political party the enthusiastic ladies might belong. The ladies who inclined to the Whigs patched on the right cheek, and the Tory ladies patched on the left cheek. The *Spectator* has an amusing account of a lady called Rosalinda, who, being a noted Whig, unfortunately had a mole on the Tory part of her forehead, which made her look as if she had abandoned the Whigs and gone over to the Tories. It must have occasioned many unpleasant mistakes.

The *pantin*, a little figure with strings attached

to the arms and legs by which it was made to dance, came into fashion in France; ladies and gentlemen, and even the magistrates and officers at a ball, or while conversing, would produce their pantin and work the strings. A French song called *Portraits à la Mode* has the following verse, in which this custom is mentioned:

To follow with uniformity,
 Dame Nature and simplicity,
 Ne'er practising frivolity,
 This was the ancient code.
 Paris, its promenades and halls,
 Is filled with calotins and dolls,
 Danced on strings at public balls,
 And portraits à la Mode.

In the reign of William the Third a mania for old porcelain and china cups, took possession of several persons. Some families had services that had been handed down to them by their ancestors; these were religiously kept, and only produced on special or grand occasions; then woe to any unlucky visitor who by any misfortune should happen to break one of these precious relics! We can imagine the shame and horror of the unlucky man, and the anger of the owners.

Horace Walpole had a fine collection of china cups and porcelain at Strawberry Hill. This was one of the finest collections in England; and although there were collections at Chiswick and other places, none could compare with Strawberry Hill, as we find by a song by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath:

Some cry up Gunnersbury,
 For Lion some declare,
 And some say that with Chiswick House
 No villa can compare;
 But ask the beaux of Middlesex,
 Who know the country well,
 If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill,
 Don't bear away the bell?
 Tho' Surrey boasts its Oatlands,
 And Clermont kept so gim,
 And some prefer sweet Southcote,
 'Tis but a dainty whim.
 For ask the gallant Bristow,
 Who does in taste excel,
 If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill,
 Don't bear away the bell?

A china dealer named Turner brought Horace Walpole two small china cups that had been cracked by the shock of an earthquake. He asked twenty guineas for them; for although the cups were only worth ten guineas, he asked twenty, as they were the only cups in Europe that had been cracked by the shock of an earthquake. Small china cups are very pretty things to collect, but a hideous custom was introduced from Holland by Mary, wife of William the Third, namely, of putting in the gardens large china images. At Hampton Court Palace, Mary placed in the garden a quantity of huge and hideous china images of mandarins, pagodas, and vases, ornamented with pictures of trees and bridges.

We can see, by a careful observation of some

of Hogarth's pictures, how men have tortured their brains to invent enormous machines and ways to effect the simplest objects. For example, a large complicated mechanical machine for drawing the corks of bottles was invented by some man, who for this simple matter employed an amount of thought and labour that might have achieved great results.

Even literature, the last stronghold of wisdom and good sense, and whose duty it usually is to lash with the sharp whip of satire all manias or absurd customs,—literature at one time had its day of laborious trifling. Anagrams, bouts rimés, or rhyming ends, and chronograms, were then the fashion. The anagram is the changing of one word into another by an inversion of the letters. The Spectator mentions a witty author who in a controversy styled his adversary, who was deformed and distorted, the anagram of a man.

The bouts rimés, or rhyming ends, were invented by Dulot, a French poet, who used to prepare the rhymes of his poems, and fill them up at his leisure. This soon became the fashion in France, and some of the higher French poets did not despise this kind of labour. Some writers composed poems in the shape of hearts, scissors, eggs, and wings; and a Frenchman, named Pannard, a true votary of Bacchus, we may be sure, wrote his drinking-songs in the shape of bottles, glasses, and goblets.

Tryphiodorus, in his *Odyssey*, had no A in his first book, and no B in the second, and so on in the other books, with the letters of the alphabet one after the other. Lopez de Vega wrote five novels in prose; the first without an A, the second without a B, the third without a C, and so on. This custom existed among the Persian poets. One of them read to the poet Jami, some verses of his own composition, which Jami was not so struck with as the author expected; the author said, however, it was, without doubt, a very curious poem, for the letter *Alif* had been omitted from all the words; Jami replied, "You can do a better thing yet. Take away all the letters from every word you have written." A monk named Hugbald wrote a work entitled the *Ecloga de Calvis*. The peculiarity of this work is, that all the words begin with a C. Lord North, in the time of James I., wrote a set of sonnets, each beginning with a successive letter of the alphabet.

Jacob Vernet published a book, entitled *Letters on the Custom of employing You instead of Thou*. The Cento was a kind of poem much in fashion. This word, which originally meant a cloak made up of different patches and pieces of cloth, is used in poetry to express a poem composed of verses taken from various writers, and arranged so as to form a new work with a new meaning. The most curious Cento ever made, was *A Life of Jesus Christ*, written by the Empress Eudoxia, in verses taken from Homer.

Among other literary trifles are to be noticed reciprocal verses: that is, verses which give the same words, read either backwards or forwards.

The following is a specimen of an English reciprocal verse by the poet Gascoigne.

Lewd did I live, evil I did dwell.

Several writers have taken years of weary labour, and have wasted ink and foolscap which might have been put to a better purpose, in order to prove things impossible of proof. They have founded their preposterous labours on the Old Testament. One of these, Hugh Broughton, who lived in the time of James I., wrote a work in which he discusses the colour of Aaron's ephod, and the language spoken by Eve; also frequent controversies took place as to the season in which God made the world, and some writers even settle the day and hour on which Adam and Eve were created.

A climax of laborious trifling is reached by the Irish antiquaries, who speak of antediluvian public libraries. Paul Christian Ilsker gives a catalogue of a library belonging to Adam!

ON THE GRAND JURY.

"KENT to wit. By virtue of a precept to me, directed from the High Sheriff, I hereby Summons and Warn you personally to appear at the next Quarter Sessions, to be holden at Hopstone on Thursday, the — of —, on the Grand Jury, at Half-past Ten of the Clock in the forenoon of the above day. Hereof fail not. You will be fined if you do not attend."

I am a mild, middle-aged gentleman, with a small rural villa, and a wife, family, and servant of similarly limited proportions; and this was the awful document left one morning with an imposing official double-knock, that threw my diminutive household into that condition of mind which I have seen described in the newspapers as a state of the greatest alarm and consternation. On returning from my customary constitutional with that healthy glow which my physician tells me is a satisfactory sign that I am deriving direct benefit from my morning walk and cool tankard of Kentish ale, I found the features I had last seen beaming with placid happiness darkened by clouds. There was dismay on the face of the servant, who had evidently got a notion that I was to be tried at the Old Bailey forthwith for some dreadful offence, and that my mildest fate would be banishment for life to a penal settlement. There was a timorous dread among my children (who are deeply read in English history) that I had been guilty of high treason, and that I was about to be led forth for immediate execution on Tower-hill. There was a painful apprehension on the part of my wife that I was to be torn from her for an indefinite period and locked up without my usual carefully prepared meals, and after-supper comforts of a glass of grog and a cigar, until I should have been compelled at starvation point to render up my independence, and agree to whatever terms my obstinate fellow-prisoners might choose to impose. For myself, I received the summons to serve my country as a good citizen should; and, though I had never before

been called upon to appear in the elevated capacity then impending, I was imbued with enough of that proper patriotic pride, which should exist in the breast of every Englishman, to feel resolved to discharge, at any cost of self-sacrifice, the claims of one of our oldest and finest institutions. An institution, sir, as I observed at the last annual dinner of our local society for "Advancing Universal Progression," that must be remembered as the palladium of our liberty and the glorious birthright of every free-born Briton.

I will candidly admit, in strict confidence, that my notions of the ordeal I had to go through, were not of the clearest. I will further confess that I privately looked into a cheap encyclopædia to discover, if possible, under the head "Jury, Grand," what might be expected from me, and, finding no kind of information calculated to be of the slightest service, that I borrowed a few legal volumes from a neighbour, whose late lodger had left them behind in discharge of a little liability for rent. I shall not inflict the result of my researches on the reader, nor lead him into the mazes of controversy whether grand juries were established before the Conquest; nor shall I mention so much as the name of King Æthelred; nor relate that in the first volume of Mr. Thorpe's Ancient Laws and Institutes it is written, according to his version, "And the twelve senior thanes go out, and the reeve with them, and swear on the relic that is given to them in hand that they will accuse no innocent man nor conceal any guilty one." I found reason to believe that the said relic had not been handed down to my day, that the reeve had gone with the relic, and that, though an elderly gentleman, I should not be recognised as a senior thane. So I abandoned my inquiries in despair.

The county town of Hopstone was to be reached by railway in about an hour; but, mistrustful of my abilities for early rising, I thought it advisable to store my carpet-bag with a few essentials for such an expedition as I was about to undertake, and set forth overnight, that I might be ready in the coolest manner to discharge my patriotic duties in the morning. Accordingly, in the close of the summer twilight preceding the eventful day, I found myself (with a greatly increased sense of my own importance, as one who had the laws of his land to administer) solemnly walking down the High-street of Hopstone, and regarding with becoming reverence the stately town-hall.

There was a rather discouraging absence of excitement about the town, and I had no distinct proof afforded me that my arrival caused any sensation; but I attributed this to the fact that the inhabitants were unconscious of the distinguished position I was shortly to take amongst them. Business appeared to be going on as usual, and, as I advanced more into the heart of the town, I found the shop shutters were being elevated with a proper regard for early closing, but with a careless whistling accompaniment that was hardly the kind of prelude I might have expected to the formal opening of

the law courts, where the majesty of the law was to be vindicated. Nor did my demand for a supper and a bed at the Family and Commercial Hotel, to which I next directed my footsteps, create an overwhelming impression. I suffered a hint of my important office to drop upon the ear of the solitary individual whom I found the occupant of the coffee-room, but it had no further effect upon him than extracting from his lips an indefinite ejaculation, and he soon after gloomily retired, and left me in lonely meditation over my glass of negus and the local directory. Thus driven back on my own resources, I sought to improve my knowledge of the names of the traders in the town, to the end that I might the more readily connect them with any circumstances that might afterwards transpire before me officially; but the monotony of the loud-ticking clock, the drowsy winking of the gaslight, and the want of a sustained interest in the pages I perused, very soon engendered sleepiness. I thought it advisable to encourage this sensation in a place more conducive to personal comfort than an arm-chair that was gradually becoming all angles, and developing in its cushion a luxurious undergrowth of pins and needles.

A hasty toilet and a hurried breakfast, and I had just time to reach the assize hall at the appointed hour. The usual crowd of policemen, witnesses, and friends of the prisoners, were collected at the entrance; with a bustling barrister or two darting rapidly amongst them and disappearing suddenly through doors beyond. A functionary in a cocked-hat and a very stiff blue coat, trimmed with red cloth, and who will not feel personally offended, I hope, if I designate him by the honourable name of Beadle, was standing on the threshold and pointing indefinitely up the stone staircase in answer to all inquirers. With a due sense of our mutual dignity, I ventured upon addressing him. The outstretched arm turned abruptly from the staircase, and I was sharply told to go to the right, which I did accordingly. Opening the door at the extremity of half a dozen stone steps, down which I descended, I became aware that I had penetrated to the region of the court coal-cellar. Convinced that I had not been summoned to serve my country by investigations in this quarter, I retraced my steps, and preferred the guidance of my own reasoning faculties. These, and a happy combination of chances, led me to the place where I was wanted.

The court is by this time tolerably full, and some two dozen of us, in what appears to me to be a pew of a small country church, are soon listening to a profoundly inaudible discourse. A droning sound pervades the building as if a quantity of bees had made a hive out of the glass dome, and the constant fluttering and hurrying in and out, and through the passages below, help to strengthen the suggestion. Considered from a good point of view by a cool and unconcerned spectator, I am afraid we all of us in the pew would look as if we were about to receive

sentence for some appalling crime that we had individually and collectively committed. At last we are relieved by being called upon to answer to our respective names. After having prematurely cried out "Here!" once or twice simultaneously with a dozen other gentlemen, and after venturing upon a mild effort at ventriloquism, which, when my own name really was called, caused my presence to be sought for in quite a different part of the building, I am summoned with the rest into a little alley below, and we are told off in threes to be sworn in. In my own little triangular confederacy is a ruddy-faced personage, palpably connected with the agricultural interest, who never desists from smiling benignantly on the presiding official and the two strangers with whom he has become linked. We are asked if any of us have served on the Grand Jury before, and it being discovered that only one has had that honour, and that he is the ruddy-faced agriculturist, he is appointed our foreman, and smiles no more.

There is some difficulty in administering the customary oath, by reason of a rather confused notion that seems to prevail about right and left hands, and an impetuous inclination to smack the lips in wrong places; but we are all duly sworn at last, and are marched off under the guidance of an usher into a large upper apartment, lighted with spacious windows which overlook the approaches below and the distant country. It has a long table strewn with pens, inkstands, and paper, extending down the centre. As I am rather anxious to receive instruction in my new office from one who has previously gone through the duty, I sit next to the ruddy-faced foreman, and reverentially watch his movements. We all arrange ourselves at the long table with becoming gravity, but with a general restless feeling of anxiety concerning what will happen next, when our meditations are interrupted by a message from the landlord of the adjacent tavern, who presents his compliments to the Grand Jury and begs to know if they will be pleased to order dinner? This unexpected communication enlivens us greatly. We begin to grow more sociable; and an interesting discussion springs up as to the relative merits of chops, or steaks, as opposed to veal and ham, with an occasional argument dexterously thrown out in support of the nutritious qualities of roast beef. We recognise the invitation, however, as indicating an exceeding thoughtfulness on the part of the authorities, and we accept it as a courteous compliment to our national importance. The desirability of a dinner is put to a show of hands and carried unanimously; but we presently find that the expenses are to be defrayed by ourselves, and not by the country, and that refreshment can only be taken at the close of the day's labours; whereupon we unanimously agree to postpone the question. A magnificent intimation that the Grand Jury, having given the subject their deliberate attention, will think about it in due time, is accordingly given; the intruding messenger who was hailed with cordiality is frowningly repulsed;

and with a general expression of resolute self-denial and stern indignation on our faces, we relapse into solemnity.

A few minutes elapse, during which interval, having nothing else to do, we put the weather upon trial, and find from the evidence before us that it is not guilty of turning out a wet afternoon; a bill is then sent up from below. It is delivered to our foreman, who becomes absorbed in its contents, and as he evidently considers this a subject for profound study, we come to the conclusion that our sharpest powers of investigation will be put to a rigid test. As I am near enough to overlook the paper that has been handed to our great chief, I perceive that he is holding it upside down; and, therefore, with some trepidation, as if I were making the boldest of corrections, I timidly suggest that it will be understood more easily if read in the usual way. The clerk of the court comes to the foreman's assistance, and whispers that he had better read it aloud: whereupon our foreman, looking upon the puzzling paper and then upon ourselves, explains that the arts of reading and writing were not included in the rudiments of his education.* We are rather startled by this intelligence, but learning on the authority of the official who comes to our aid, that if our foreman can sign his name in any hieroglyphical character, he may still hold his position as presiding over our investigations, we agree to transfer the reading portion of his duty to another gentleman. We are accordingly enlightened by the individual upon whom this task has devolved as to the indictment before us, and we find that it charges William Grubbens with feloniously taking three feet of leaden pipe from Boxley Church. We demand evidence of the most conclusive kind, and the most conclusive evidence is instantly forthcoming. There is the boy who saw him do it, and who told him it was wrong, and there is the boy who saw him take it away and didn't know it was wrong, and there is the policeman who (from information he received) overtook the appropriator and found him with the three feet of leaden pipe in his hand. Nevertheless, there is one resolute investigator among us who demands more. We have had no evidence of the existence of Boxley Church itself, and, to make the case complete, he thinks decided proofs on that head ought to be forthcoming.

After some persuasion he waives the objection, and we return a true bill. We conscientiously pursue a similarly rigorous investigation through half a dozen more cases; having up every witness we can get hold of, and only requiring official correction when we mistake the second count for the third count, and mix up all the other counts together. Nevertheless, we improve fast, and display absolute forensic acumen in our elaborate cross-examination of witnesses, whom we will not let off on any plea till we have put them under the air-pump of our

interrogations, and have exhausted them of all particulars touching their birth, parentage, and social condition. Having consumed some hours in this way, and having aggravated the petty jury below by the lingering reluctance with which we allow the cases to drop into their hands, our official extricator slides in at the door, with a grinning remark that we have given ourselves much unnecessary trouble, as all the prisoners have pleaded guilty. However, we are not to be turned aside from the path of duty, and we go on asking questions with a pertinacity that would do credit to a jury composed of Pinnock's Catechisms.

As the day wears on, and the setting sun begins to throw longer shadows of ourselves upon the wall, I perceive that the most inveterate interrogators are getting subdued into silence. On my left I find one who has mildly intoxicated himself with peppermint lozenges, indulging in such dreams of bliss as that carminative confection may inspire. Others are visibly oppressed by the drowsy repetition of oath-taking gone through by a long succession of witnesses, and by their monotonous similarity of statement. To overcome our lethargy, the more wakeful of us dive down to the court below in the intervals when we are waiting for fresh indictments, and watch the fruits of our labours ripening under the glass dome, where the bees are buzzing with a more sonorous and sleepy hum than ever. We have just enough daylight to read the last indictment when we get it, and have the agreeable satisfaction of varying the routine of our proceedings by ignoring the bill, which we fix upon the extremity of a long rake, and thus deliver from the gallery to the intelligent chairman below. With infinite gratification we then hear him say, "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, the court has much pleasure in discharging you, and the county thanks you for your services." In another moment we are off upon our several private missions, which would seem chiefly to be of a gastronomic kind, and through the deepening twilight I see my juridical brethren, as I pass towards the railway station, empanelled in the snug boxes of the nearest hotel, making the waiter solemnly depose what is his belief of the state of the larder, and prepared to "thoroughly try and investigate, according to the best of their ability, everything that shall be brought before them."

NEW WORK

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

NEXT WEEK

Will be continued (to be completed in six months)

A STRANGE STORY,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "MY NOVEL," "RIENZI," &c. &c.

The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.